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By J. K.

(See pa

Henry Steele Commager, author of "The American Mind." (See page 11)

Raw Materials of Persuasion

By LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

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By Agnes Rothery

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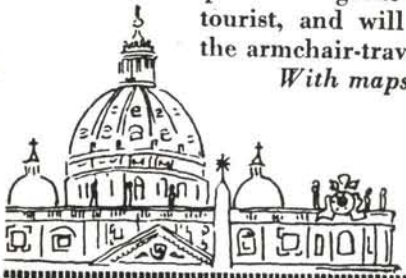

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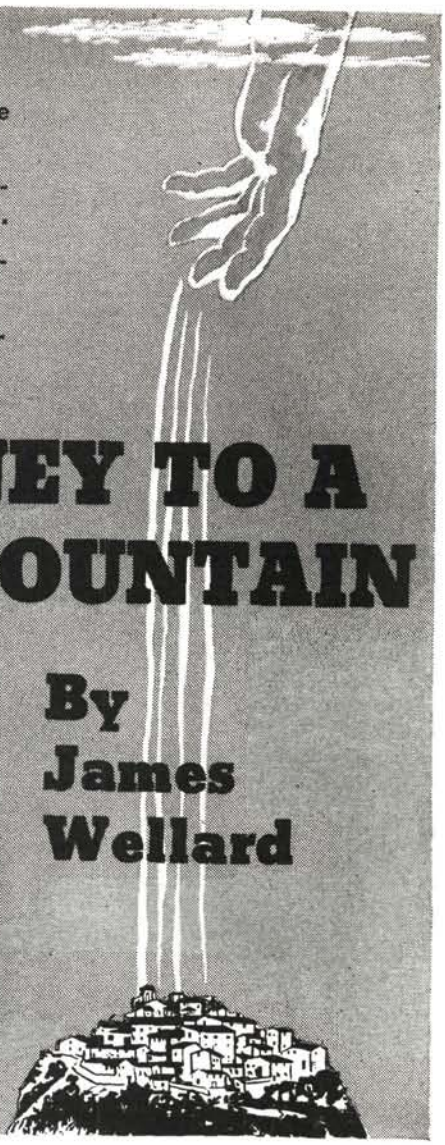

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TRADE Winds

THE STORY OF BRENTANO'S: PART II

ON THE DAY in 1933 that Stanton Griffis, of the formidable investment house of Hemphill, Noyes, appeared, as if in answer to the publishers' prayers, to assume financial control of the tottering Brentano empire he was forty-six years old, a self-made millionaire with a deceptively innocent air and an uncanny knack for understanding — and acquiring — first editions and second mortgages. He was born in Boston, the son of a Congregational minister whose income never topped $3,000 a year. By the time Stanton was seven, and the family had moved to Ithaca, he had decided that figure was inadequate.

Griffis entered Cornell in the class of 1910 and struck up what was to be a fruitful friendship with classmate Jansen Noyes. When Griffis became editor of the *Sun*, the college daily, Noyes was appointed business manager. Together they achieved the unprecented feat of winning an Associated Press franchise for an undergraduate newspaper. Already well heeled as a result of this coup, Griffis headed westward upon graduation to pick pears in Oregon. Noyes found the picking better on Wall Street. He begged Griffis to join him there. Griffis arrived in 1914. The Stock Exchange closed three days later. This was a coincidence. Hemphill, Noyes was formed in 1915 and Griffis was made a member of the firm two years later.

After a brief spell of active service as a captain in World War I Griffis returned to the more pleasant business of piling up a fortune as an investment banker. His interests broadened. He engineered countless underwritings and reorganizations, backed Katharine Cornell and her husband, Guthrie McClintic, became chairman of the board of Madison Square Garden and Paramount Pictures, bought a yacht. In 1930 he became a trustee of Cornell. One of his first achievements in this role was to persuade a famous professor to join the Cornell faculty. The professor had reluctantly declined all previous overtures, explaining that he owned a house in Westchester on which the Manufacturers' Trust Company held a substantial mortgage. He didn't see how he could relieve himself of this obligation. "Leave it to me," said Griffis.

Griffis went straight to Harvey Gibson, high mogul at the Manufacturers' Trust. "You're holding a mortgage for something like $40,000 on the house of a poor college professor. That's not a very good risk," he pointed out. Gibson agreed. "All right," said Griffis. "How about letting a group of the professor's friends pay it off for fifty cents on the dollar? That's probably more than you'll ever realize any other way." Gibson was favorably inclined and said he'd think it over. The next day, however, Griffis learned the mortgage would have to be paid off in full. It appears that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had guaranteed it when it was made. "Setbacks like that merely sharpen a fellow's mettle," philosophizes Griffis.

It was during a desultory bridge game aboard his yacht that Stanton Griffis first heard of the plight of Brentano's in 1933. An avid reader himself and friend of a score of name authors, Griffis was intrigued by the thought of becoming a tycoon in the book business if not by the Brentano balance sheet. "I always knew, however, that retail bookselling was a cockeyed business," he told me long after. "Too many stores are owned by widows with a total capital of about $3,000 or well-intentioned intellectuals who don't know whether they're breaking even or not until the sheriff knocks on the door. I thought it would be amusing to see what a hard-headed businessman could do in such a situation—with a famous name like Brentano's as an invaluable asset."

He bought Brentano's at a receiver's sale for $72,000 cash. Adolph Kroch, Chicago's leading book man, had a 20-per-cent interest in the deal but wearied of the frequent trips to New York and sold out a few years later to Griffis, keeping the Chicago branch outright for himself. The publishers readily agreed to accept three-year notes for old debts and to extend unlimited credit to the new set-up. There are all too few good book outlets in the country at best; they could ill afford to let Brentano's go out of existence!

The new regime went to work and with such excellent results that Griffis paid off the publishers' notes in full within six months instead of three years. There is a story concerning that premature payment that Griffis often tells himself as an example of what he has to put up with from "those blank blank publishers," so there's no reason why I shouldn't repeat it here. About three hours after my own firm's check had been delivered in the mail Griffis got me on the phone. "What a collection of ingrates you publishers are!" he thundered. "Here I pay off the whole blooming lot of you two and a half years ahead of time and not one of you has the common decency to call me up and even say, 'Thank you.' Now, I want to know just what you said to your part-

"What's this I hear about all you doctors becoming Socialists?"

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How We Got This Way:

RELIGION AND THE RISE OF WESTERN CULTURE

by Christopher Dawson

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If You're Going to Rome—

don't forget to take the Holy Year Edition of John Farrow's PAGEANT OF THE POPES, to read on the journey and refer to after you get there. Rome without the Popes makes little sense. All of them are here, good, bad, and doubtful, and there are portrait drawings of fourteen of them by Jean Charlot, $4.50.

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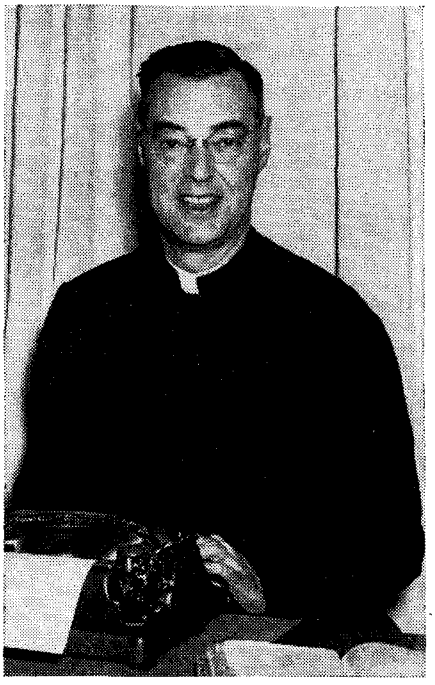
A PARISH PRIEST LOOKS AT HIS LIFE



FATHER TRESE

VESSEL OF CLAY

by Leo Trese

There has been a fashion for some time now for books written about parish priests. All kinds of people have tried it: anyone, you might say, Catholic or not, has felt the urge: anyone except a parish priest. But Father Trese *is* a parish priest: he sees a priest's life from inside and in this book describes a day in that life as it is lived by the priest he knows best—himself. It's an alarmingly honest book. He finds plenty to blame in himself, and we find ourselves agreeing that maybe he did spend too much on his car, it is a pity his temper isn't more even, and so on, but ending up with an immense respect for him and a feeling that if *this* is (as he says) "an average day in the life of an average priest," then we have not realized quite how tough such a day is, nor quite how admirable, nor how human the average priest is. Those priests of fiction whom we have all enjoyed, and shall enjoy again, look for the moment as thin as ghosts at sunrise. There's not a word of controversy in the book, nor in the thought behind it, but we found ourselves thinking of Paul Blanshard and grinning. We defy anyone to take him seriously after reading it. $2.00.

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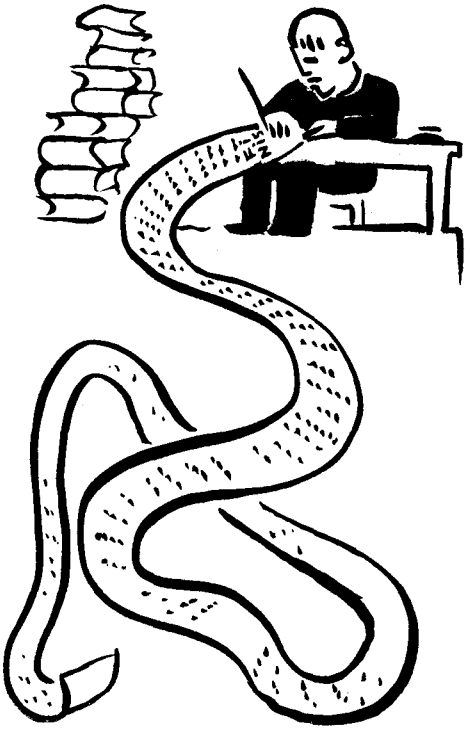

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The story of some Breton fisherfolk who broke one of the Ten Commandments
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ner, Don Klopfer, when you saw that check." "Do you want the exact words?" I queried. "Yes, I do," he insisted. "The exact words," I answered, "were, 'I wonder what that son of a bitch is up to now.'"

Through the Thirties Brentano's prospered. A branch was opened in the City of Paris store in San Francisco and, under the management of the all-knowing Sybil Bardshar, soon became one of the strongest links in the chain. Other stores were acquired in Hartford, Los Angeles, San Mateo, Beverly Hills, and Honolulu. The outbreak of World War II boomed business further. A five-times-a-year turnover in stock was achieved against a previous two. The order department was expanded to include fifty employees. "It was the people who never were our customers that believed Brentano's owed them the most free service," complained Griffis, "but, what the heck—we gave it to them."

Joe Margolies, after a few years on the publishers' side of the fence, came back to Brentano's as vice president just when he was needed most. No fewer than eight new branches were opened in Washington, including one in the Pentagon Building, through whose portals passed the most beautiful generals in the world. Phonograph-record departments were installed, stamp and coin sections followed, and now a profitable department devoted to 16mm. films is in operation in New York. They even are experimenting with a concession leased to a lady who specializes in seashells, a collectors' fad that seems to be enjoying a revival. The best customer to date was a lady who ran up a bill of $90. "I'm moving to Hollywood," she explained, "and I want these shells to remind me of my old homeland on the Atlantic Coast." Nobody told her that every shell she bought came straight from a beach in the South Pacific.

Unfortunately for the book business, the restless Stanton Griffis's interest in Brentano's waned as the chain expanded and with the advent of the war practically disappeared. Too many other ventures were providing an infinitely greater percentage return; too many other alluring careers were beckoning him. The day Stanton Griffis, international diplomat, was born Stanton Griffis, the bookseller, gave up the ghost. Just how a man with his wealth, persuasions, and interests became a darling of the New Dealers—what he really thought of the New Dealers and their policies, as a matter of fact—is a mystery to many of his associates today and Griffis shows little inclination to enlighten them. No sooner had we entered the war, however, than Griffis popped up

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as chairman of the Special Events Committee of the Navy Relief Drive and served with such conspicuous success that the OSS drafted him for secret missions to England, Spain, Finland, and Portugal.

In 1944 he was the special representative of the U. S. Government on a mission to Sweden which succeeded in shutting off all exports of ball bearings from Sweden to Germany. Immediately thereafter he was off to the opposite side of the globe as Commissioner of the American Red Cross in Pacific Ocean Areas. By this time striped pants were in his blood and his pinkie curled automatically at mere sight of a tea cup. When President Truman offered him the Ambassadorship to Poland in 1947 he made a noble pretense of weighing the pros and cons but his friends knew that wild horses could not have prevented his acceptance.

The Poles, it appears, were an even more suspicious crew than the book publishers. There were twenty Polish servants to wait upon him in the embassy at Warsaw but Griffis soon discovered that wherever he journeyed, and no matter how fast he traveled, the self-same servants invariably were lined up to greet him when he arrived at his new destination. Finally he told the authorities, "Why don't you save the cost of those twenty secret police? All you have to do is ask me—and I'll give you the facts." The Poles didn't seem to think much of this kind of diplomacy. Maybe they figured he never could have learned such methods in Wall Street. Maybe they were right! At any rate, before the year was over Griffis had a new portfolio in Cairo, where he learned a lot about the Arabs and had a chance to use Bob Hope's line to an Egyptian potentate: "I don't recall your name, but your fez is familiar."

In June 1949 Stanton Griffis was sworn in as Ambassador to Argentina. What he will do next nobody knows. But one thing is apparent: it will have nothing to do with the book business. That is why the election of his son Nixon to the presidency of Brentano's has been hailed by the publishing fraternity with such genuine enthusiasm. The presence of a young, energetic, and ambitious executive, on the job every day of the week and flanked by such knowing book men as Arthur Brentano, Jr., and Joe Margolies, means that Brentano's will be more and more of a factor in the industry in months to come. Already the various branches have a new brightness and sheen, and the clerks have a new fire in their eyes.

The slogan "Brentano's—Booksellers to the World" is regaining its old meaning!

—Bennett Cerf.

THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, INC.

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Beginning with the January, 1950 issue, the reorganized Shakespeare Association of America will issue its publication in larger format and under the new name, *The Shakespeare Quarterly*. The Quarterly will be sent to all members of the Association. Its aim is to foster primarily four interests:

1 Shakespeare in the theater
2 Shakespeare in scholarship
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The Shakespeare *Bibliography* will be redesigned and more fully annotated (in cooperation with foreign correspondents). It will appear regularly in the April issue.

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LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

Louis J. Halle, Jr.

WHEN we are young it seems to us that truth is self-evident and that calling attention to it should be enough. We are exasperated when, having told the world the plain truth in plain terms, it continues in the ancient error of its ways. In time we learn that truth has different aspects for different men; that it is not the goal of many, and that, in any case, our voice is but one in a universal clamor of voices against which the world's ears have become well sealed. With experience we learn the limits that are set to the possibilities of persuasion, and if we are wise we conform our efforts to those limits. Not long ago, for example, a college student informed me that Darwinism is passé. Certainly it was not logic that had persuaded him. My only hope of gaining his acceptance for a principle identified with Darwin would have been in somehow leading him to believe that everyone was talking about it, that Darwinism was enjoying a revival. The purest logic, though he found it unanswerable, would otherwise meet with his disdain.

Most of us are open to persuasion only within narrow limits. We have made up our minds on the basic issues with which life confronts us. We have done our accepting and rejecting and have emerged from the process with convictions that we are prepared to defend against the world. You should not expect us to give up these convictions easily, because our sanity depends on them. They represent for each of us the order that he has brought out of chaos. I am delighted with books that confirm and reinforce me in my convictions and will listen endlessly to the speech of any man who does the same, but I cannot tolerate your attack because it threatens me with a return to the original chaos. The more persuasive your argument the greater my alarm and indignation, until at last I bar my door against you.

Under the circumstances the most demonstrable new truth can gain acceptance only over the years as the tentacles of old and cherished beliefs one by one lose their hold. Just as new generations, still free to choose the foundations of their sanity, are continuously replacing the old, so obsolete conceptions are displaced as they go to the grave with those who held them.* The spark of your idea will not set fire to your contemporary world, but if you keep it alive it may in time increase and spread through the fresh tinder of new generations. The resistance of the world shows, again, how nature abhors any progress that threatens chaos.

Direct argument, no matter how brilliant its logic and eloquence, cannot beat down the defenses with which I surround my convictions. You may answer me on every point and leave me, finally, with my own answers spent, but still my conviction remains untouched. You cannot overcome me in such debate because I am, with respect to the contents of my own mind, the judge as well as attorney for the defense. Your insistence merely arouses my pride of opinion, which might otherwise have been dormant, so that I consider my honor at stake and rally more passionately to what I hold true. You are trying to humiliate me and I will not consent. In my own interests I judge you Absolutely Wrong.

*"Seventy-five years ago the professor of natural philosophy at Harvard told his classes that 'people now accept the undulatory theory of light because all those who formerly accepted the corpuscular theory are dead.' "—James B. Conant. "On Understanding Science." New Haven: Yale University Press. 1947.

THE Wind and the Sun, in the old story, had a contest of strength. To demonstrate his prowess the Wind undertook to strip the overcoat from the back of a man who was walking across a field. At the Wind's first blasts, however, the man pulled the coat more tightly about him, as they rose in strength he turned up his collar, and, finally, when the Wind shrieked and howled about him, he buttoned it up to his chin. The Wind retired at last and the Sun took his turn. He beamed benignantly on the man, wrapping him in his warmth until the man quite voluntarily unbuttoned his coat, then spread it open, and finally took it off altogether.

If you truly mean to persuade a man you must have his good will. Your approach must be disarming so that he does not assume an attitude of defense. You must not seem to be opposing your conviction to his, your ego to his, challenging him to a contest in which his pride is at stake. On the contrary, you must be friendly and show respect for the quality of his mind, avoiding any implication of superiority on your part. To show off your own wit is merely to discredit your wisdom. By your own intellectual generosity, however, you can make him ashamed not to respond in kind. When I have been arguing heatedly on a subject of which I have little knowledge (the kind of subject

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on which we argue most heatedly) I have sometimes found myself humiliated by a sudden concession from my opponent that I know more about the matter than he does. My immediate reaction is to confess how little I do know and to concede, in turn, that he may be right after all.

This deference is courtesy and like all courtesy it bears in the minds of many the brand of hypocrisy. It need not and should not, however, be essentially hypocritical. It is to your own credit to renounce pride of opinion, to forebear from the attempt to humiliate others, and to assume that they are, like you, intellectually responsible persons. This assumption makes truth, rather than victory, the object of the argument.

Most of us tend to take our cue from those we meet, responding with friendship where friendship is offered, with hostility to hostility, giving respect for respect, scorn for scorn, generosity for generosity, intransigency for intransigency. Men who are better than I bring out the best in me, and I have on occasion been shocked by my low behavior in dealing with the low. If you are badly treated perhaps it is your own fault. Your rule should be, then, to give the best possible cue yourself. "Use every man after his desert," says Hamlet, "and who should scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty."

IN ANY case, the man who knows how to make concessions is relatively unassailable. When you do find yourself plunged into argument concede every point you can so that your defense is based only on your strongest positions. If a sally takes you beyond them do not hesitate to retreat. Many zealous debaters are led to abandon their main and defensible points in order to defend some minor, incidental, and indefensible position—simply because they think they must counter every move and if their opponent says *black is black* they will countercharge with *black is white* and die in the issue though their argument did not require it. Never put yourself in the position of defending the indefensible.

Limited as the opportunities for persuasion are, the art of persuasion is still your most effective means of meeting directly the challenge of the world. When we say that a man is powerful in the world what we generally mean is that he has won the support of a great many people.* The art of persuasion is, of course, the art of using language. We all know about the power of words, but we generally associate it with the skills of the orator and the writer, paying little attention to our own dependence on it in our daily life. Whether you are a teacher or a bureaucrat, a banker or a scientist, an engineer or an expert in Indic philology, an editor or a broker, words are the raw material with which you will be dealing most of the time. Your success will depend in greater measure than is ordinarily appreciated on your competence in using them. What you represent and what you advocate can hardly be expressed otherwise. A mastery of language is to be most earnestly cultivated, quite aside from the contribution it can make to your inner life, simply as the best means you have for dealing with the world.

The use of language is as natural to all of us as breathing, and even the most simply educated know how to write. We commonly believe that, while a long course of specialized training is a prerequisite to drawing or the composition of music, no such discipline is required for writing. We write letters without having gone to an Academy of Literary Arts, and in this country we think no more training necessary to write magazine articles and books. We are suspicious and even a bit scornful of cultivated skill in writing, perhaps because it lends itself to affectations and enables a writer to bedazzle the simple reader with mere words—or that is what we think. Most of us believe that if a man has something to say he will not need fine words or any art to say it. We think we prefer, in fact, that he speak without art, in the uncultivated language of the common mind.

The error on which this view is based, as I see it, is the distinction it assumes between style and content. This distinction is less evident to those who have been at grips with the problems of language than to those who have never gone beyond their first unconsidered impressions. I don't know how one could write well where one's thought was faulty, or how language can ever be better than its content. Nor do I see how the content of thought can be anything but sterile where the means of expression fail.

I frequently have the experience of being seized by a great idea, an orig-

(*Continued on page* 34)

*I have to qualify my implication here by the story of the French insurrectionist leader, seeking to keep up with a mob as it charged the barricades. "My people are going that way," he shouted to a friend who wanted to detain him, "and since I am their leader I must follow."

Literally Speaking

By George Cole and David West

Walt Whitman: "Song of Myself"

HOUSES and rooms are full of perfumes, the shelves are crowded with perfumes,
I breathe the fragrance myself and know it and like it,
The distillation would intoxicate me also, but I shall not let it.

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Americana. *No study of our intellectual life has had a more profound influence on Americans under the age of forty-five than the late Vernon Parrington's "Main Currents of American Thought." But Parrington died before his work reached the present century. In a sense, Columbia University's able historian Henry Steele Commager has rounded out Parrington's unfinished masterpiece in "The American Mind," discussed below. This week's reviews call attention to other notable books about America: a highly useful though not definitive "Lincoln Encyclopedia," edited by Archer H. Shaw; a thoroughly readable, if not completely informed, history of the Confederation period, "The Reluctant Rebels," by Lynn Montross; yet another account of Western outlawry, "Frontier Justice," written by Wayne Gard, and a flavorsome report on an old Vermont Indian craft, "The Maple Sugar Book," by Helen and Scott Nearing.*

How We Tick

THE AMERICAN MIND. By Henry Steele Commager. New Haven: Yale University Press. 476 pp. $5.

By DIXON WECTER

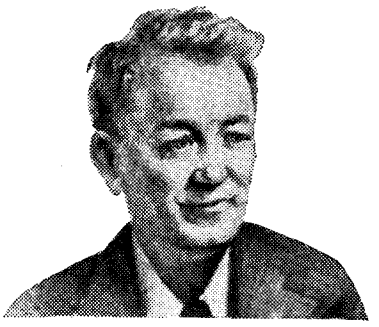
"HE ADDRESSED himself valiantly to the greatest subject which can challenge a historian—the mind and character of a people." In words applicable to himself Henry Commager thus writes concerning the late Vernon L. Parrington, whose death in 1929 broke off the grand design of his "Main Currents in American Thought" about where Commager begins, in the 1880's. Though not expressly a sequel, "The American Mind" rounds out the story at long last. Obviously not the book that Parrington would have written twenty-one years ago—if for no other reason than the better perspective — Commager's book does credit to an avowed discipleship, by its erudition, wit, generous enthusiasm, literary grace, and brilliant summation. It also lights us on the road by the same lamp of Jeffersonian liberalism. Throughout, Commager's concern is with those ideas — whether steady beacons or intermittent ones—which for the last three generations have directed most of our thronging intellectual and social traffic.

The Great Divide between the old America and the new he finds shortly before 1890. Around that date the old agrarian and domestic preoccupations of the American mind started to buckle under new urban, industrial, and international pressures. Standardization commenced to absorb individualism, secularism to engulf the little church in the wildwood, sophistication to overtake our arts and architecture. Economic theory, law and government, the Constitution and Supreme Court—hitherto worshiped in their Miltonic majesty as "immutable, immortal, infinite"—began to be reinterpreted as flexible and pragmatic tools, fit subjects for new experiment in the interests of human welfare, and a corrective to their usual static role in shoring up *laissez-faire* and social Darwinism.

This, in Mr. Commager's phrase, was the watershed of the Nineties. After a deft character essay on the American of that pivotal generation, he falls to the main business of describing what lay hidden beyond that range.

Ideas which the age of confidence took as its playthings for delight, dismemberment, or dispute — evolution, scientific determinism, populism, progress and poverty, immigration, conservation, the double standard for business and labor, imperialism, internationalism—with the passing years were seen to have had at first a deceptive simplicity. Most of them turned out to be Chinese puzzles, with intricate concentric and interlocking structures, some of whose pieces are still missing and the solution yet unresolved.

In the dawn of these perplexities, eager disciples of Herbert Spencer like Fiske and Youmans had hailed mechanical causation and tried to hitch their evolutionary notions to the traditional American idea of progress. At the same time hard-bitten reactionaries like William Graham Sumner were extolling the struggle for survival as the keystone of economic wisdom. But presently the system neatly built by the determinists, which to Fiske seemed so glorious,



THE AUTHOR: Despite a locked-lip disdain for any homely autobiographical confidences, Henry Steele Commager has not entirely succeeded in bleaching his public personality to abstractions. It is said that denizens of the Columbia campus, glimpsing his short, sturdy figure rushing by in a dark, flapping cape, call him "The Batman," although when we saw him —the very model of a tweedy professor of constitutional and intellectual history—his only macabre property was a portmanteau commodious enough for a smallish corpse. He did discourse pleasantly about art and music, and for other tidbits offered "Who's Who," which lists sufficient books of his authorship, or co-authorship, to support his reputation as one of our important historians. Among them are "The Growth of the American Republic," being revised, "Our Nation's Development," "Our Nation," and "Theodore Parker." He is editor of "Documents of American History," Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," "America in Perspective," and forty volumes in process of "The Rise of the American Nation"—not to slight "A St. Nicholas Anthology," whose popularity didn't surprise him. "The American Mind," his second work without collaborator, crystallizes his findings on the Yankee mainspring, so valuable to the OWI and, even now, the War Department, for which he went to Britain, France, and Belgium. He lectured at Cambridge University 1942-43 and 1947-48, and plans to return next summer as PEN president. "Teaching over there is a cinch," he says, "but the atmosphere isn't conducive to work." In New York, now, he writes at least a dozen articles a year, numerous reviews, and is currently consuming kilowatts on a *St. Nicholas* sequel, two Civil War tomes, a juvenile, and a biography of Justice Storey. "Britain Through American Eyes" is practically finished; later he'll unveil the English character. Notwithstanding that his magazine pieces have become a rallying point for civil-liberties action, politics doesn't entice him. "What use would it be in Westchester? I certainly wouldn't be a Republican!"—R.G.

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spacious, and satisfying, was discovered like the enormous room to be the grimmest kind of communal prison. The key of deliverance was then offered by pragmatists like William James and John Dewey, assuring the American that he was still captain of his soul and that truth was something *made* true by events.

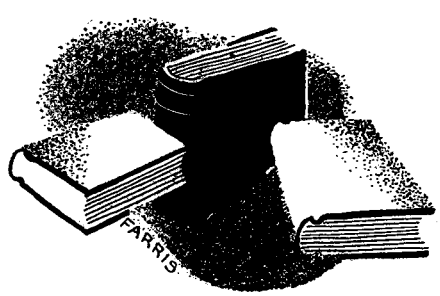
Meantime the growing fever and fret of American life, with its backwash of frustration for the many and plunder for the few, introduced a new note of cynicism about the Land of Broken Promise, even while the gospel of brute force continued to fascinate literary men as diverse as Jack London, Frank Norris, and Dreiser. Yet it was not that America was more iniquitous than the rest of the world—as might unfairly be inferred from the muckrakers—but that her artists and idealists expected her to be infinitely better.

The American in search of a way, having escaped the prison-house of determinism, soon found himself beckoned into the madhouse of irrationality by Sherwood Anderson, Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, Pound, and Jeffers. Drawing upon Freud, Jung, and Pavlov, they dethroned reason in favor of the ductless glands and conditioned reflexes, in a world ruled by emotion, desire, neurosis, primitivism, and violence. The call of the wild was no longer Darwin made lyrical, but merely the gibberings of the subliminal. Sex was madness and misery—past reason wanted, then past reason hated—and along with drink rated as life's supreme narcotic. Even in esthetics the decay of self-discipline led to disintegration in structure, whether of the symphony or the sentence. Also, in another sideshow, the cult of unintelligibility set itself to fence out the vulgar and establish art for the elite—its anti-democratic drift appearing most clearly in the shabby career of Ezra Pound.

These beggars of the question are denied the sympathy Commager extends to those Americans in whose bewilderment, striving, and not infrequent failure he detects a core of sincerity and integrity—ranging from the distinguished intellect of Henry Adams, that battered worldling, to the undistinguished intellect of Bryan, who "represented what was, on the whole, soundest and most wholesome in the American character." Commager's long anchorage among the towers of Manhattan has not estranged him from the Middle West, where he once studied. Chicago, Madison, the corn-lands, the Middle Border, and the Great River—these are still his touchstones for the true American thing, the nursery of that grass-roots radicalism so different in its honest vitality from the imported article. Here was the cradle of Veblen with his bitter Mephistophelean wit, who defined a vested interest as the legal right to get something for nothing; of Frederick Jackson Turner, who discovered the frontier in his own Northwest boyhood; of Frank Lloyd Wright, whose youth on the prairies developed his preference for the horizontal over the vertical, along with houses built as instruments for living; and a score of other heroes. But Hoover of West Branch, Iowa, whose sour veto of Muscle Shoals deferred the realization in TVA of "probably the greatest peacetime achievement of twentieth-century America," goes regionally unclaimed, together with a dozen other damaged souls flawed from the same matrix. And, in redressing too much stress upon the geography of American liberalism, it should be added that Commager's greatest admiration is reserved for the Yankee from Olympus and the Hudson Valley squire — two Brahmins who did so much to reshape law and government in the service of man.

The American of 1950, measured back-to-back with his sire of 1890, Commager finds still the careless, generous, kindly, experimental sort, a bit tougher and less romantic, but essentially unshaken in his optimism by two world wars, a great depression, and the Atomic Era. Still sure that his United States is the best of all possible worlds—save Heaven, if there be one, and regulated by an American Constitution — he is markedly less confident that his is the best of all possible times. He has learned some things fast, often through necessity, but needs all his mother wit and prized education, standing today at this juncture of a world to win or lose. Even in that dismal year which saw the beginning of the Jazz Age, the election of Warren Harding, and betrayal of the League of Nations, that wise observer George Santayana said it all: "If it were given to me to look into the depths of a man's heart, and I did not find good will at the bottom, I should say without any hesitation, You are not an American."

Commager's book, with its fine perceptions and sympathy, does splendid credit not only to the American mind but also the American heart.



Abe Between Quotes

THE LINCOLN ENCYCLOPEDIA: The Spoken and Written Words of A. Lincoln, Arranged for Ready Reference. Compiled and edited by Archer H. Shaw. New York: The Macmillan Co. 395 pp. $6.50.

By Roy P. Basler

FOR A LONG time students, public speakers, and writers have been looking for a reliable compendium of Lincoln quotations, and Mr. Shaw has attempted to provide what has been needed. "Encyclopedia" is perhaps too large a word for it, since, beyond Mr. Shaw's sources, something more than 30 per cent of Lincoln's writings still remains to be put into print. Also there is some question as to why Mr. Shaw fails to list among his sources a number of standard works. For example, why is "The Diary of Edward Bates" not used when the "Diary of Gideon Welles" is? And why is Carl Sandburg's "The War Years" cited but not his equally quotable "The Prairie Years"? There is no question, however, but that Mr. Shaw might have been more critical, occasionally, in his use of sources. A cursory check reveals a few forgeries, spurious stories, and highly dubious sayings quoted cheek-by-jowl with Lincoln's authentic words. For example, Colonel Dick Taylor's canard about the origin of the greenback, which Taylor admitted was relayed to him by a spiritualist medium after Lincoln's assassination, is quoted at length. Likewise, the equally spurious and lamentable "corporations enthroned" letter to William F. Elkin, which Nicolay and Hay thought they had laid to rest, is again revived and given seeming respectability. So also the eminently quotable but spurious letter to George F. Pickett—". . . I have a congenital aversion to failure . . ."—is given in extenso and, ironically enough, under the heading "Truth, prudence and." Although the original fault in these instances cannot be credited to Mr. Shaw, it is true that each of these items has long been labeled spurious.

In plan and format the book is very attractive. Quotations are given at sufficient length to make consultation of the source unnecessary for all but scholarly purposes. Cross references are ample.

Except for the reservations indicated, "The Lincoln Encyclopedia" is a most useful and commendable reference.

Roy P. Basler, executive secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association, is editing the definitive edition of the writings of Lincoln.

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Launching the Revolution

THE RELUCTANT REBELS. By Lynn Montross. New York: Harper & Bros. 467 pp. $5.

By Richard B. Morris

"WE ARE on the brink of a precipice." These words of Charles Thomson, the secretary of the Continental Congress, accurately described the position of the thirteen colonies in 1774. Standing on the dizzy heights, the Colonial leaders scarcely wished to be plunged into the abyss of civil war. "We do not want to be independent," Joseph Howes, who sat in the Congress from North Carolina, declared the following year. "We want no revolution." Yet within twelve months he was to affix his signature to the Declaration of Independence.

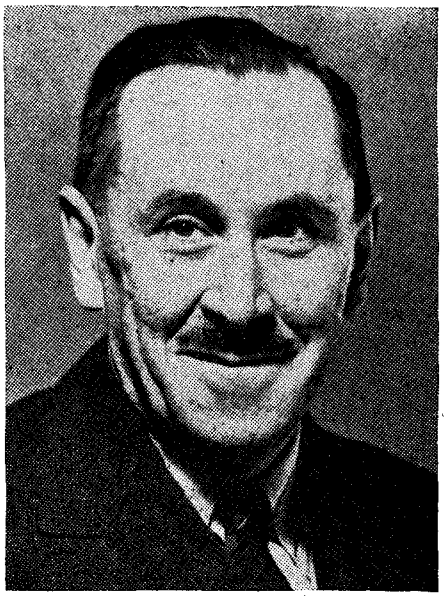
How a group of "reluctant rebels" launched the first great revolution of modern times is the theme to which Lynn Montross dedicates his considerable writing talent. Once again he submits to scrutiny the record of a great legislative assembly wherein the arts of persuasion rather than purges and castor oil were to prove decisive. Even the more radical members of the first and second congresses, those "violent men" into whose portraits Cornelia Meigs has recently infused vitality and sympathetic understanding, worked hard to achieve for the colonies a dominion or commonwealth status before severing the silver cord.

This account of the Continental Congress from its inception in 1774 until it was supplanted by the new Federal Government in 1789 has pace, liveliness, and continuity. The author never lets us forget that verbal pyrotechnics alone did not settle the great issues. There was an army to maintain in being, politically-minded generals to be placated, financial commitments to be met in the face of the growing threat of a disastrous inflation. After victory morale had to be maintained both within the Congress and among the several states as postwar disillusionment, separatism, and class strife gained ground.

Without the researches of other men this book could not have been written. Had not Edmund Cody Burnett in his monumental series, "Letters of Members of the Continental Congress," given us the inside story of Congress's affairs and restored flesh and blood to the dry bones of the available journals, any story would have been a pedestrian effort at best. In his own one-volume account of the Congress Burnett stressed the difficulties inherent in a constitutional plan under which a large legislative body without strong federal powers operates during a wartime emergency as an over-all executive.

Montross's study significantly supplements Burnett in one respect. The book constantly emphasizes the moderation of the men of Congress, who, in an era when the word "liquidation" did not have its present sinister connotation, carried through to a successful conclusion the only great revolution of history "which managed from beginning to end to steer a middle course between anarchy and tyranny." Not that there was much sympathy for those even more moderate men, the uprooted Loyalists. "One or two have done," wrote Washington, "what a great number ought to have done long ago, committed suicide." Montross points out that the rebel leaders were virtually all substantial property-owners and professional men and somehow managed to hold on to the reins of power from 1775 until in 1786 the Congress still retained enough influence to call the representatives of twelve states together the following spring to frame a new constitution. In fact, the Constitutional Convention, as the author observes, was virtually a committee of Congress.

Mr. Montross's book demonstrates how an amateur guided by intuition may prove more sure-footed than a professional weighted down with the apparatus of scholarship. But specialists may properly criticize his unawareness of a completely different interpretation of the period from his own. That a writer should have the presumption to deal with the formation of the union without any allusion to Charles A. Beard's "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution," which underscored the divergence of the property-conscious framers of the Constitution from the ideals of the signers, would seem to prove that the "critical period" is a dangerous quicksand for investigators. Mr. Montross ignores the position of some recent historians that the economic and constitutional crises of the confederation were largely manufactured for political ends and does not realize that economic conditions were clearly on the upgrade well before the summer of '87.



—George Brothers.

Lynn Montross—"persuasion rather than castor oil were to prove decisive."

More serious, perhaps, the author seems unacquainted with Merill Jensen's challenging thesis in his "Articles of Confederation" (out almost a decade), wherein the point is made that within the states there was a struggle between the "radicals," who supported weak central government, and the "conservatives," who wanted a strong one. To Jensen the Articles of Confederation was the creation of the radicals, the Constitution the victory of the conservatives. Robert L. Brunhouse's "Counterrevolution in Pennsylvania" offers considerable substantiating evidence. While the Beard-Jensen thesis has been the subject of much critical comment, one should expect a full-dress study of the confederation to come to grips with it.

"It is yet to be decided whether the Revolution must ultimately be considered a blessing or a curse," Washington remarked in 1783. Considering the social, economic, and sectional cleavages which were already dividing a temporarily united people, one might readily appreciate Washington's perplexities. It is this story within a story of growing class and party conflict at the very time that the bonds of union were being forged that is regrettably missing from "The Reluctant Rebels." Its inclusion would have given us that added dimension without which Mr. Montross's absorbing account falls short of distinction.

Richard B. Morris, professor of history at Columbia, is author of several books on early American history.

Gethsemane

By Margaret Bartlett

OH dumb night, oh lovely silence calling!
Over all this world there hangs
A knowledgeable falsehood
In the need for words—

I kneel, I pray. I say, "O God
Do not disturb them—
In the beginning was the Word
Of light and night,
Of life and wing and sea and earth—
As a wild thing knows death
I hear you, and I need them not."

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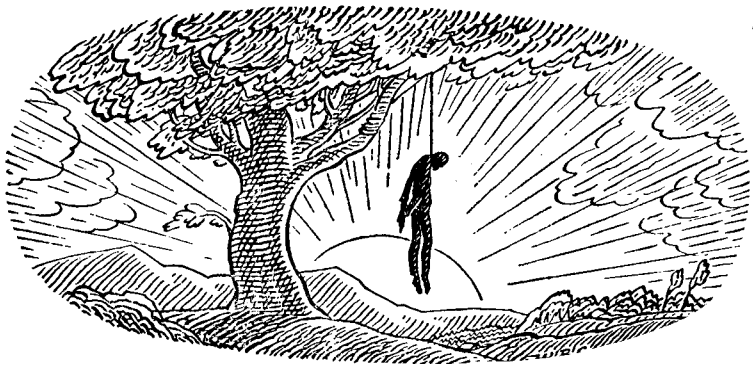

—From "Gold Is the Cornerstone."

Law and Order West of the Mississippi

FRONTIER JUSTICE. By Wayne Gard. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 324 pp. $3.75.

By Walter Prescott Webb

FRONTIER JUSTICE as a book title might be applied to any number of subjects, a single court trial, the doings of an organized body of peace officers, or the more summary action of a vigilante committee. Wayne Gard adopted it for his "study of the rise of law and order west of the Mississippi" limited to those forms of conflict that emerged from frontier conditions. The account opens with an Indian massacre in Texas in 1836 and ends with the death of Judge Isaac C. Parker, the famous hanging judge of the Federal court at Fort Smith, Arkansas. It was in this period of sixty years and in the land west of the great river that individual lawlessness reached its peak in the United States. It is the opinion of this reviewer that the author could have lopped a quarter century off his period and begun the story in 1865. His scant treatment of the earlier years was inevitable for two reasons: very little of the region west of the Mississippi was settled prior to the Civil War, and the individual lawlessness with which he is concerned did not come into existence until about 1870, certainly not in his chosen territory.

In reading the book I kept asking myself: what is this frontier justice of which the author speaks? The question is hard to answer, and perhaps it is too early to attempt an answer. The frontier is still so close to us that we cannot see it as a whole, or see its significance to history or to people. The historians have not even glimpsed its meaning. Its spectacular quality, its rude dramatization of ordinary living—these things obscure our vision and prevent us from seeing it as an episode in man's experience with a world too suddenly enlarged for him and his institutions. On the frontier men outran their institutions and, without restraint, they went to all sorts of excesses, especially in crime. For some reason their didoes in the West have appealed to authors and readers to a greater extent than the acts of criminals elsewhere.

When the great synthesis of frontier lawlessness is made this book is going to be of much value to the thinker who makes it. The libraries are loaded with books on individual bad men, sheriffs, marshals, and on such organizations as the Texas Rangers, the Vigilantes, and old-time country mobs. These separate accounts constitute the parts of the pattern, the stones of which the mosaic may eventually be made. Wayne Gard has performed the service of surveying this extensive and heterogeneous literature and culling out the essence of the men's activities. He has had the courage to include footnotes, more than 500 of them, and these reveal that he has examined practically all the secondary works and many original sources such as court records and contemporary newspaper accounts. These features, together with a comprehensive bibliography, will be valuable to writers, libraries, and to those who wish to be quickly and accurately informed.

The University of Oklahoma Press is now dispensing books of excellent format and quality right in the heart of the frontier-justice country of not so long ago. That the designer has a sense of the appropriate is indicated by a telegraph pole standing between the words "Frontier" and "Justice" on the title page. The telegraph pole carries two wires on top of its single cross-arm. A rope with a slip-noose completes the effect, the symbol of frontier justice.

Sap to Syrup or Sirup

THE MAPLE SUGAR BOOK. By Helen and Scott Nearing. New York: The John Day Co. 271 pp. $3.75.

By John T. Winterich

IN DISCUSSING this book, a transcription of its long subtitle is an immediate essential: "A plain practical account of the art of sugaring designed to promote an acquaintance with the ancient as well as the modern practice, together with remarks on pioneering as a way of living in the twentieth century."

That transcription once made of record, little further discussion is required. The book sets out to do what the subtitle says it is designed to do, and does it. Anyone who is looking for a romantic urban-rural switch-play, a variant of the Horation retreat to the Alban Hills, a quick change into dungarees and slacks, the Petite Trianon shift, will be disappointed. There is, to be sure, a serious chapter on decentralism as a social phenomenon and an equally serious chapter refining this business down to the specificalities of the maple-sugar industry. For the rest, the book is a practical manual of sugaring. This treatment does not obstruct the insertion of a good deal of history, all of it pertinent, and each chapter is introduced by half a dozen or so quotations of high relevancy—no dithyrambs. Apart from its value as a practical guide, this altogether admirable treatise should serve as a model of how to do a how-to book.

The Nearings learned, and continue to ply, their craft in Vermont, which is, as even non-schoolboys know, our ranking maple-sugar state. Next in order come New York, Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and New Hampshire, and in mid-February the *New York Herald Tribune* had a story on the Indiana crop. Canada grows a little, and the rest of the world virtually none (some palms can be milked, but the effort is terrific).

The Indians, inevitably, knew all about maple syrup long before the Europeans came. If the Europeans had taught the Indians, the Nearings observe, some of the early chroniclers would have mentioned the fact. None of them did. By 1720 Paul Dudley was publishing his "Account of the Method of Making Sugar from the Juice of the Maple Tree in New England," and this method (*mutatis mutandis*, and not too much of that) is still standing operating procedure. The Nearings have been "learning" for fifteen years; they admit they still don't know everything, but they have managed to in-

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troduce a few new wrinkles. And they are practical sugar folk; they make their living at it. There is a highly factual chapter on "Marketing Maple Products," which makes Scott Nearing much more of a free-enterpriser than were most of the free-enterprisers who were having at him in his pre-sugar-bush days.

The Nearings do not say so, but the evidence indicates that they have the best non-institutional sugaring library in existence (and perhaps that "non-institutional" could be left out). They append a bibliography which, among much else, betrays an uncertainty on the part of higher authority concerning the orthography of syrup (or sirup). In 1938 the official New York spelling seems to have been "syrup"; by 1946 it had gone over to "sirup." The Federal Department of Agriculture said "sirup" in 1910 and 1937; the United States Tariff Commission, in 1930, said "syrup." Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont seem to hold with "syrup." So do the Nearings. To top off their treat, they append four pages of recipes.

This book, let me repeat, is not a back-to-the-farm tract. The Nearings have found—it is the title of their final, twelve-page, chapter — "a life as well as a living." But they are not trying to do a selling job; they say, in effect, with Vermont terseness, "We like it. You might." To those who carry through with their idea, this book will be scripture. Those who do not, if they have any slightest curiosity about how things get done, can enjoy it, whether they are in, near, or far from Vermont.

John T. Winterich is a contributing SRL *editor and author of "Another Day, Another Dollar" and other books.*

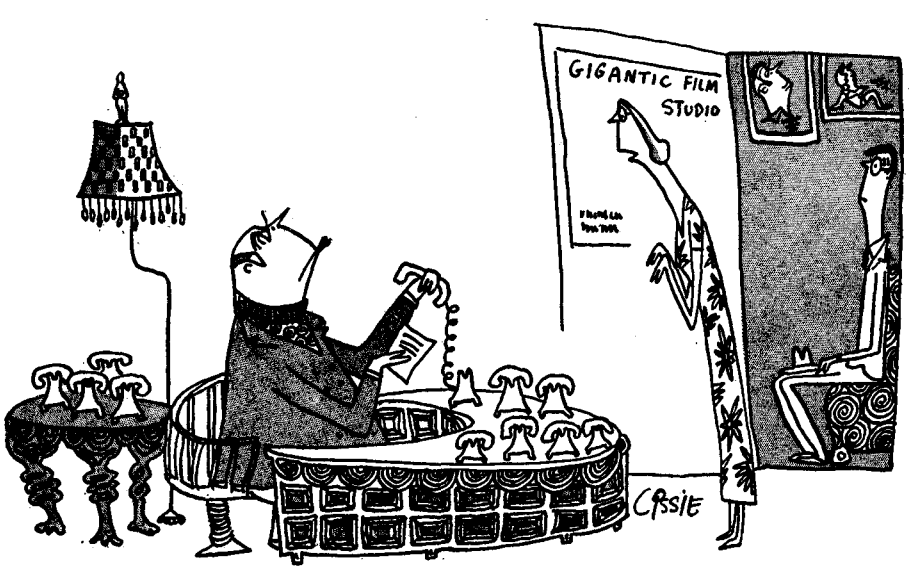
Americana Notes

THIS IS ILLINOIS: A Pictorial History, by Jay Monaghan. University of Chicago Press. $5. As well as pictures can, and that is very well indeed, this lavish album tells the story of Illinois from the age of the mound builders to the era of the 300-million-volt betatron. Mr. Monaghan, eager to get on with his fine show, limits himself to a one-page introduction and then he is off, carrying the reader (or viewer) with him from Père Marquette to Governor Stevenson, from Lake Michigan to the Ohio. Illinois is Chicago plus a vast farm (can any of our bright little pupils name the second city in Illinois?), and Mr. Monaghan does well by both. The sociological aspect predominates, as it should—as it cannot help doing, indeed, in a soundly compiled picture book. Illinois is people and the camera proves it. Forty-seven other books like this would be a memorable and worthy achievement and a treat alike for the eye and for the mind.

WITH VARIOUS VOICES: Recordings of North Star Life 1654-1900, edited by Theodore C. Blegen and Philip D. Jordan. Webb Publishing Co., St. Paul. $5. Either Dr. Blegen or Dr. Jordan would climb the tallest steeple in the rudest gale if there were an old letter at the top. That sort of enthusiasm is pursued to good purpose in this collection, composed though it is of much more than old letters. Actually it is a well-selected, thoroughly readable anthology of Minnesota life from Pierre Radisson to Governor John Lind. It is concerned, as it should be, with exploration, settlement, the Indians, furs, iron, timber, agriculture, the growth of cities, and the cost of hiring a horse and buggy in 1849. It is, in other words, a panorama of the general glimpsed through the lenses of the specific. The idea is excellent and admirably carried out. It's just as Munro Leaf says: "History can be fun."

A TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE DOMINIONS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, by T. Pownall, edited by Lois Mulkearn. University of Pittsburgh Press. $10. Thomas Pownall spent seven years in America (1753-59), part of the time as Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and his administration subsequently won the high approval of John Adams. Back in London he published, in 1764, a searching exposition called "The Administration of the Colonies," of which there were five more editions through 1777. This treatise, sound as it may have been, soon had only an academic interest, but the same cannot be said for a work that followed it in 1776 as a sort of by-product: "Topographical Description . . . of North America." In 1784 Pownall completed a revision of this monograph, which remained unpublished at his death in 1805. It has remained unpublished, in fact, until now. Mrs. Mulkearn, librarian of the Darlington Library of the University of Pittsburgh, edited it with skill and thoroughness and thereby set in motion the process which has produced this handsome and fascinating volume. It is a study which transcends the narrower bounds of scholarship and contains much to inform and entertain today's casual reader no less than the historical student. Of Harvard College Pownall reports, among much else: "There is a very good Library in the College furnished with several thousands of books encreasing by Donations every day." There is a large folding map with Pownall's own corrections.

SMOKERS, SEGARS, AND STICKERS, by A. D. Faber. Century House, Watkins Glen, N. Y. $3. Did you ever smoke a Seek No Further, Hurricane, Second Edition, Hard to Beat, Spread Eagle, Great Sport, Perfect Bliss, Palace Car, Telephone, Desideratum, Deerslayer, My Two Girls, Nightcap, Chicago Fanny, Ultimatum, Four Monks, or Free Cuba? Your father or grandfather may have, and if either of them stuck the box up in the attic Mr. Faber would be glad to have it. He is a collector of, and authority on, cigar-box labels. The lithographer of the Eighties and Nineties sought to make these the finest flower of his art, because a label that lasted was as good as a bank account—it *was* a bank account. Much of the lore of



"It's a Mr. Thomas Chilkens, sir; he's a writer and he's come to sell his soul and perjure his art for Hollywood, sir . . ."

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cigar-box labels, and many black-and-white reproductions, are presented in this entertaining little manual of off-the-beaten-path Americana.

GARFIELD-HINSDALE LETTERS, edited by Mary L. Hinsdale. University of Michigan Press. $5. When Burke Aaron Hinsdale, aged sixteen, entered Western Reserve Eclectic Institute, at Hiram, Ohio (later it became Hiram College), he met there a teacher seven years his senior who was earning his way, in advance, through Williams College. James A. Garfield left for the East a year later, in 1854, but the friendship between Garfield and Hinsdale held on. Hinsdale later became superintendent of schools in Cleveland and a professor at the University of Michigan, and earned a page in the "Dictionary of American Biography." The correspondence between these two men and minds has been available to Garfield biographers, notably to Theodore Clarke Smith in his two-volume life in 1925, but it has never been published in extenso. Actually Miss Hinsdale has here transcribed only 300 of the 900 letters available, taking care to include all which are of political significance. The correspondence, however, goes above and beyond politics. Garfield's was one of the finer intellects to reach the highest office in America (only one President held it for a shorter period) and evidence of this fact is frequent in the letters. A single communication mentions Bryant, Tennyson, Shakespeare, Henry Ward Beecher, and "the new book on Physical Geography by the Frenchman Reclus . . . a remarkably valuable book."

THE RIDGLEYS OF DELAWARE AND THEIR CIRCLE: What Them Befell in Colonial and Federal Times —Letters 1751-1890, edited by Mabel Lloyd Ridgley. The Anthoensen Press, Portland, Me. $7.50. Twenty-eight bushels of letters turned up in the attic of the Ridgley house on Dover Green sixty years ago. They stayed there fifty years more, until in 1938 Mrs. Mabel Lloyd Ridgley began to go through them and, in due course, fashioned this delectable book out of them. (The originals are now safely in the hands of the Delaware state archivist.) One may well credit Mrs. Ridgley's decision to have for her epitaph: "She died of the eighteenth century." There is no more delightful malady to die of—quite a few people have it already, and more should—and if proof of that were needed, here it is in this book. Here is the pageant of America from the French and Indian Wars to the Administration of Grover

(*Continued on page* 45)

Fiction. *Two years ago young Truman Capote came on the scene with his "Other Voices, Other Rooms" to bewilder the critics and briefly entertain the audience. Our reviews this week are prefaced by the first venture of another very young American, John Hawkes, who appears to be as brilliant. "The Cannibal" is a surrealist view of German disintegration, and once more the question is asked: is this a rare talent or simply the work of a vital young man with a pyrotechnical gift for dazzling verbosity? The rest of the sheaf of novels are competent and comprehensible books. Two belong to the familiar pattern of American family chronicles. Richard Scowcroft's "First Family" is about a town in the Far West. John Kerouac's more pretentious "The Town and the City" belongs to Massachusetts and echoes with overtones from Thomas Wolfe's style. Of the remainder, Ivan Roe's "Set Free Barabbas" is the most interesting, since it studies a revolutionary at work on the lethargic people of an unnamed island, as if Norman Douglas's "South Wind" had been interrupted by a labor strike.*

German Degeneration & Collapse

THE CANNIBAL. By John Hawkes. New York: New Directions. 223 *pp.* $1.50.

By Ben Ray Redman

THIS is an extraordinary work of fiction and it was probably an act of kindness on the part of its publisher to furnish it with an introduction by Albert J. Guerard, which warns the reader he stands on the threshold of no commonplace literary experience.

> John Hawkes [writes Mr. Guerard] is now, at the outset of his career and at the age of twenty-three, a rather more "difficult" writer than Kafka or Faulkner, and fully as difficult a writer as Djuna Barnes. "The Cannibal," written in 1948, is less surrealist than "Charivari," a short novel written in 1947 [to be published in the annual "New Directions," number eleven]; and I suspect Hawkes will move still further toward realism. But his talent, whatever may happen to it, is already a major talent.

—*Walter R. Fleischer.*

John Hawkes—"less than comprehensible."

Most of these assertions are, I think, models of accuracy. Mr. Hawkes is a much more difficult writer than Faulkner because his imagination is a far more undisciplined force than Faulkner's; he is a more difficult writer than Kafka because he sacrifices the whole to the part, or perhaps does not surely conceive the whole, and, for the reasons just given, he is fully as difficult a writer as Miss Barnes. But to declare that his talent is already a major talent is an act of critical temerity. Major, of course, is a vague word but we can hardly speak of a major talent without regarding exercise and total accomplishment as well as natural endowment. Mr. Hawkes's gifts are notable, his skill and verbal resourcefulness are striking. Indeed, "The Cannibal" contains many paragraphs and pages that arrest and fascinate us by their brilliance, by the images they evoke. But the sum of these fractions is less than successful because it is less than comprehensible. Mr. Guerard himself says: "How far John Hawkes will go as a writer must obviously depend on how far he consents to impose some page-by-page and chapter-by-chapter consecutive understanding on his astonishing creative energy . . ." And the point which cannot be ignored is that the author of "The Cannibal" has consented to do no such thing.

He has written a nightmare tale of German degeneration and collapse, a surrealist phantasmagoria of Germany in 1914 and 1945; in which time

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telescopes or expands or runs backward without warning; in which scenes dissolve into one another, fade out indecisively, or move into quick montages; in which characters are alternately clear and vague, rational and irrational, single and dual, poised between humanity and symbol; a tale which teases its reader's mind with possible ambiguities and hidden meanings and strange distortions; a tale in which allegory steals into sight only to slip from view—a tale that begins and ends at the portals of an insane asylum.

As in a dream, everything seems to make sense for a while and then changes abruptly into nonsense. The most precise realistic writing leads into scenes as wildly imaginative and baffling as those of the German expressionists at their wildest. The picture of Stella breakfasting with her father—in fact, the whole treatment of her father—is masterly. So is the account of Stella's Alpine honeymoon; but we come down from the heights into bewildering shadows, into the world of an unconvincing narrator and grotesque marionettes who are made to dance strange dances, where, picking our way through the litter of an irresponsible imagination, we fumble for meanings and clutch at marshlights.

Mr. Hawkes is a most interesting writer, but there is a line in "The Cannibal" that may be paraphrased, not unfairly I think, to describe him at the present stage of his literary development. "He ran to spend energy," we read of Ernst in pursuit of Stella's carriage, "tried to run his own smallness into something large, while far in the distance he thought he heard the carriage wheels." It seems to me that Mr. Hawkes is now writing to spend energy—abundant, impressive energy—and that he may very probably write his present smallness into something large; but he will do so only by self-discipline, by a refusal to content himself, to dazzle himself, with verbal legerdemain and pyrotechnics.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 832)

[Lieut. Gen.] W. B. SMITH: *MY THREE YEARS IN MOSCOW*

(As taken from the serial in *The New York Times*)

We can draw from this deep wellspring of strong democratic faith in the free way of life the firmness and fortitude necessary to carry out the tremendous responsibilities of world leadership that have devolved upon us.

Damned Children of Fortune

FIRST FAMILY. By Richard Scowcroft. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 345 pp. $3.

By KENNETH S. DAVIS

OF THIS unusually good second novel it may be said that the central character is Time as manifested through various members of the Gannon family in the Far Western town of Clark City.

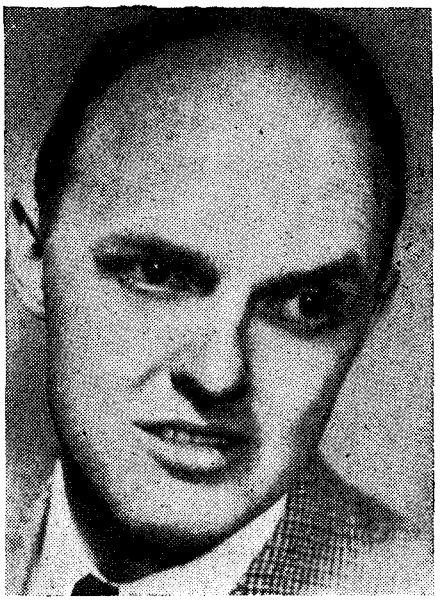
Not that there is any obvious symbolism in Mr. Scowcroft's book. He sticks to people, incidents, authentic period color and holds the reader's close attention with these. But when one closes the book it is Time of which one retains the most vivid impression, not any individual Gannon—and it is Time characterized as a weary river, relentlessly eroding into futility and death the lives of people not sustained by sound inner commitments. Even the youngest, most hopeful Gannon goes off to World War II at the book's end "empty, barren, alone," searching along "deserted streets" for "something" to believe in, his deepest feeling a blur of poignant but essentially weak nostalgia.

This may seem a trite enough theme —if, alas, a valid one in our age of rudderless drift toward catastrophe. But Mr. Scowcroft's manner of presenting it, the story through which he does so, are quite distinctively individual.

Grandpa Gannon, who does not figure in the story at all, nevertheless determined its environment and a lot of its nature by making a fortune out of mining at Clark City. Papa Gannon inherited not only the fortune but his father's values, which were accepted by his wife, Harriet, and imposed (with a various effectiveness) on their children. The failure of these values as guides in life is the essence of the family's tragedy.

When the story opens shortly after World War I Papa is sending his oldest child, Jack, off to Harvard—the only fit university for a scion of Clark City's "first family"—and his fumbling farewell advice is revealing: "I want you to remember what your grandfather stood for—he was successful, he made money."

But Jack, who was supposed to have literary talent, flunked out after one year at Harvard, went to New York for a spree for several years on his father's generous allowance, and ended up in Clark City after the crash of '29 (in which the Gannons lost their fortune) as a bitter political reactionary, flabby of body and mind. His sister Eddie, a girl of rich promise, longed to go to college but Papa was sure college "ruined" ladies, so—having rejected a boy who failed to conform to Gannon standards — she married a stuffed shirt of a lawyer and became a thoroughly selfish social "leader," her originally generous impulses poisoned in hostile air.



Richard Scowcroft — the West without landscapes.

Louise, the next eldest, was also blighted by her father's (and mother's) views of a woman's "place"; she grew up tense and shy in the shadow of her brilliant elder sister and developed into a rather dry, prim old maid before marrying a good-hearted but limited traveling salesman named Frank. Babe, the youngest daughter, matured young in a sexual way and ran off while yet in her teens with the wild boy Eddie had rejected.

It is Gus, the youngest, who becomes the final "awareness" of the family and its destiny and is, as I've said, an unhappy awareness of failure and defeat. Nor does Gus develop or show any capacity for developing affirmative values of his own. In the final scene he departs, in quiet desperation, for a war he does not understand.

Yet there are warmth and humor in this book: the poignancy derives largely from them: and some memorable scenes—Papa's last game of golf, Harriet's dying through a Christmas holiday, Gus's encounters with a "queer" girl at State University. Mr. Scowcroft's style is not particularly distinguished and he seems notably blind to landscapes (though the locale is a mountain state, there's not a vivid scenic description in the book), but he can recreate for you the lost Jazz Age and Depression moods and he presents his people with a profound, clear-eyed compassion.

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Back to Merrimac

THE TOWN AND THE CITY. By John Kerouac. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 499 pp. $3.50.

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

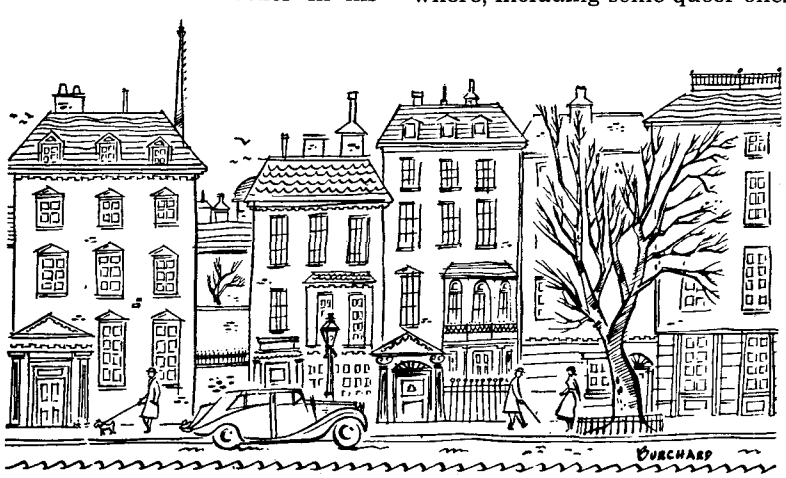
IN THE present amorphous state of book reviewing this will likely be hailed as a novel displaying great life, energy, and realism. Life, energy, and realism of a kind it certainly has. It belongs to the category of the "big" novel—the lengthy book, in which a prodigious splashing about, general emotional appeals in the "lost, lost, lost" cadence of Thomas Wolfe, and a rather simple notion of what constitutes fictional characters are supposed to compensate for radical deficiencies in structure and style.

The fable concerns the ten members of the Martin family, originally domiciled on the Merrimac River in Massachusetts, and thence by time, circumstance, World War II, and the whim of the author dispersed. At the end the burial of the father in his native village formally concludes the story by bringing these lives momentarily back to the Merrimac. Some scenes, such as those of young Peter's first experiences as a football player, are memorable. But the novel starts a dozen themes without ever quite relating them to each other; it drowns itself in dull, repetitive dialogue intended as "life," and I, for one, am genuinely puzzled why the novelist spent the first seventy-five pages on the Merrimac phase of his story only to abandon it for other material. A prodigious amount of liquor is drunk first and last, without affecting anybody's health or happiness, and we alternate between revelations of the "dark" emotions among the Martins and scenes of simple gaiety that, though they appeal, reduce the characters to the same level of emotion.

That classic stylist Willa Cather some years ago made a plea for the novel *démeublé*—the novel from which all the unnecessary furniture of realism, both words and things, had been removed, so that writer and reader might confront theme and character and so discover the graver issues of the tale. It is Mr. Kerouac's failure to throw the furniture out that leads to his confusion. A drive for "bigness" overcomes structure. There seems to be no special reason why the novel is as long as it is, none why it should not be half as long, none why it should not be the first of a series of novels quite as "big," following the Martins as far as Mr. Kerouac wants to go. But the pattern, the shape, the spire of meaning is here so overlaid one isn't sure whether even this would be his long-run intent.

One infers from the title that the conflict between town and city is to determine fate and perhaps character. The elements of the conflict are loose in the book, but the issue is never honorably joined. The Merrimac Valley opening is excellent writing but it remains merely excellent writing. There come whole rows of scenes elsewhere, including some queer ones laid in New York City and written with naive power, but these are so loosely integrated with the conflict (is there conflict?) one doesn't quite know how to take them. Time goes by in a series of jerks, but time as development (essential to the family novel, as in "Buddenbrooks") isn't there.

I suspect that if the unnecessary furniture of realism were removed, Mr. Kerouac would have seen what is wrong. But there are so many people, all motivated by a rather elementray notion of emotional drives, there are so many scenes presented in a kind of good-humored scramble, that the lives of the one are in many cases indistinguishable, and the purpose of the other never comes cleanly through this energetic prose. I think Mr. Kerouac has many of the essential attributes of the practising novelist—fecundity, invention, a kind of abundance (yet unchanneled) — but they do not here fuse into unity.



—Jacket illustration for "Song Without Sermon."

Modern Rake

SONG WITHOUT SERMON. By James Woolf. New York: Creative Age Press. 313 pp. $3.

By NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

IT IS STRANGE and interesting that James Woolf, a very contemporary young writer (twenty-seven years of age) who has had considerable experience in publicity and in the production of motion pictures, should wish so deliberately to turn our thoughts to the eighteenth century. It is in his novel's subtitle: "A Modern Rake's Progress." It is in the life and nature of his hero, Henry Malling, whose adventures are traced forward in the old picaresque narrative line from episode to episode. And it is in the style, a calm succession of declarative sentences unhesitant and comfortable upon the outer surface of time and space, with no wavering or slipping over into the slough of introspection, a remorseless catalogue of physical and moral wens upon the body of man. And no comment, no moral ("Song Without Sermon") except what you can see very clearly through the whole fabric of the novel: the author's malicious grin.

Of course, it is impossible to write an eighteenth-century novel in the fifth decade of the twentieth. Not all the trappings of style and not the cold astringency of mood could accomplish it. Henry Malling is a rascal. He would sell his mother for a handful of guineas and just about does so. He would betray a friend, and does, to earn a laugh in the right quarter. He has an eye upon the main chance and never takes it off. Henry is a ruthless adventurer, not with the sword or staff now but with wits gnawing and predatory. He leaves a trail of cruel betrayal behind him as he mounts, to his fall. Yet—he is not the figure against his landscape that Fielding or Smollett would have drawn, and he is not Hogarth's gay and rueful rake. What does he lack, that he seems shrunken and insignificant against his models? It is the stuff of life itself; it is the zest in his rascality that he does not have. Henry Malling is too small in his desires to engage our interest or even our active antagonism. His itch for satisfaction is too meager a passion and we cannot be stirred by it. In the eighteenth-century novel he would have been a cackling lackey to the heroic Rascal himself.

However, it is possible to conjure up a meaning larger than the meager Henry out of this personality dwarfed upon the one side by his eighteenth-century prototype and upon the other

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Meet the m. c.

DALE WARREN

HIS INITIALS don't necessarily stand for "much chatter," but they might just as well. Although the m.c. hastens to capitalize on the slightest opportunity, he is always designated in strictly lower case, with none of the real distinction of K.P. or D.A. or M.D. or F.F.V. or B.P.O.E. or mere I.Q. When the letters are run together to make a word they come out emcee, but never with a big E like-in Elephant or Evolution or Eleemosynary or Elizabeth. Maybe someday they will get to be used double the same as O.K., which lost its zip along with its capitals and finally turned into okay*okay*, with the accent on the last syllable. Up to now, however, it's just plain emcee, and if you are typing the word you can just forget all about the shift lock—which is never in the same place on any two machines anyway.

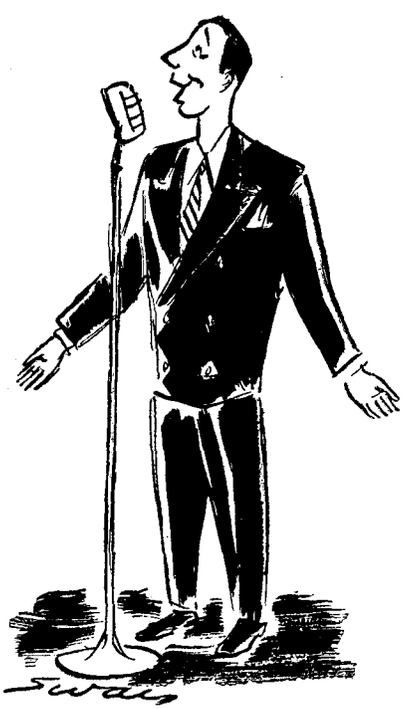
I learned about emcee because I was one—once. It was in the Paleolithic Age of Literary Book Fairs, at which authors used to be corralled to talk about their just-published, or about-to-be-published, books, depending on the synchronization of author, publisher, and Book Fair. If I had been asked to "preside" or serve as Chairman or Toastmaster I would have pleaded the excuse of having "to see a man about a manuscript." But it seemed a fairly simple matter just to "drop around to Parnassus Hall when the speaking begins and see that the book-lovers don't mistake Gertrude Atherton for Trader Horn." So I let myself in for it and unwittingly found myself an "emcee," the small letters well deserved. Having got in on the ground floor, I quickly got off again at the mezzanine—with a new word in my vocabulary.

It used to be a fairly simple matter to be an emcee; now it's one of the Great American Industries, with no regard for Gene Buck's modest definition: "I am merely the punk that sets off the fireworks." Long past are the days when a Master of Ceremonies was expected to appear in a frock coat and topper, or a Mistress of Ceremonies in a picture hat and beads of perspiration, to expound his or her introductory lines and then retire in confusion, to be heard no more. The Toastmaster, or Dinner Chairman, of yesterday is also an anachronism, having disappeared somewhere in the Chauncey Depew era, along with the once fine art of after-dinner speaking. The lid is off, the bazaar is wide open, and the only people who drink toasts anyway are the people who drink them in vodka.

"We have with us tonight" is a shibboleth gone with the wind and peacock feathers on milady's chapeau. Whom we actually have with us is the emcee himself. He is the barker who steals the trade from the side shows, the sword-swallower who tries to swallow the whole circus, the "Pagliacci" Prologue boy who wants to sing the entire opera. There's no keeping that damn clown in his place.

The Greeks had a word for it: Chorus. But the Chorus knew when to stop and let the show go on. The integral role of Narrator is time-honored by writers, dramatists, and composers. The political symposium or forum has its Keynote Speaker, the debate its Moderator, the sports event or rally its Cheer Leaders. All legitimate functionaries who speak their pieces at the proper times and then subside.

The public speaker of 1950 who describes his ten days in Iraq or tears away the Iron Curtain or merely reads from his own poems apparently must be "introduced" to his audience, the purpose being to put the sitters or knitters in a responsive mood and break the ice in the speaker's glass of water.



Secondarily, and with no blushes spared, it provides an opportunity for the introducer to tell the audience in advance how good a speaker the speaker is, how thoroughly he knows his subject, and how widely he is famed for his charm and wit. "Build-up" is the word. Yet when you go to the theatre nobody steps out in front of the curtain to give you a dissertation on Bernard Shaw and Katharine Cornell and Joan of Arc. The play's the thing and the audience reacts to it without benefit of intermediary. A concert performer walks onto the stage without the assistance of a human crutch and swings into his performance. No one explains: "It is a pleasure to present Miss Myra Hess, the greatest . . ." The ball game begins with the pitch and the fans don't complain. Not even God introduces the minister.

For the lecturer, however, the ordeal is relatively painless, as he has to sit through the Presiding Officer's effusion but once, and when this ice-breaker has had his say, the lecturer, or "entertainer," has the field to himself and can proceed without interruption to the point where it is permissible for him to grab his hat and run for his train.

YOU never find a genuine emcee at these one-man shows. What gives him his kick is not breaking the ice but shaking it around until it melts and then adding some more, and he hasn't a prayer in these hour-long, non-stop sessions. He not only wants to keep the ball rolling but actually to pick it up and throw it around, first to one speaker and then to another. What he's really after is indoor pitching and fielding practice, a rugged old-fashioned work-out with a rub-down afterwards. Always a push-over for crosstag, he comes into his own at banquets and rallies, smokers and round-ups, at any and all multiple entertainments that boast "a distinguished array of speakers." With his pitter and patter, his gags and wise-cracks and horse-laughs, this rah-rah boy is the great middle man of the entertainment world. Only it is hard to keep him in the middle. He keeps edging his way right up to the top. He is the Man Who Came to Dinner and stays on for breakfast.

Once I went to a "literary banquet," which was a mistake. There was a tableful of speakers (all asked to "say a few words"), which was another. In addition to the Dinner Chairman, there was an emcee carefully picked from New York's intelligentsia. That was the biggest mistake. Ten times he rose to his feet. Ten times he cleared his throat and tapped a cigarette. In ten so-called introductions—although he did stop short of re-

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"I wonder if she really hates him or is divorcing him just for his money?"

citing Lincoln's Gettysburg Address—he managed to bring in everything from the old swimming hole to Franz Kafka, and when the last speaker tried to untie himself preparatory to standing erect the frazzled and exhausted diners felt more like "Manon" lying down to die on the dusty road to Havre. I remember the remarks in the men's room; I don't know what they said in the other place. The final speaker should have taken a tip from that other tail-ender who, when called on for his address at 12:05 A.M., replied: "My address is none of your business and I'm on the way there *now*."

IT IS in radio that mr. emcee actually has his field day. Only in radio they prefer it m.c.; it's easier to list in the newspapers and shorter to fit into a line of type. He's right up there in front eating peanuts and calling the players by their first names. But half the time you don't know who the stars and featured players are going to be because it's the m.c. alone who gets the billing. The bewildered listener scratches his head and asks himself: "If this is a good radio show why does it need an m.c., and if the m.c. is really the attraction why does he need a 'show'?" Radio, it would appear, assumes that the principals can't carry the show, that the unseen, unseeing, and untested audience can't take it cold. Even the featured player who does his stuff week after week has to be fixed up with a stooge, a fall guy, a man (or girl) Friday, who functions as a sounding board, as well as an inspiration to the gag writer. Only seldom can a "man with a message" get in front of a microphone and say his say. Instead, he has to submit to an "informal" interview, always a first-name or nickname affair, just so the ball can be tossed back and forth, in the manner of the old vaudeville team. Perpetual motion is the general idea.

On radio every quiz, guessing game, round-up, talent scratcher, amateur hour, and what not has its own ebullient jack-in-the-box, who releases all the springs including his own. The laughs produced on these so-called variety shows usually sound about as spontaneous as the applause in a provincial Italian opera house in an off season with the claque aboard.

Now it's getting so that the m.c. himself, instead of doing the emceeing, has to be emceed (it's a verb, too) by a second m.c., a case of the greeter greeting the greeter. He has eaten his way right into the middle of the chestnut so some other worm has to break the shell for him. What takes up more time on a radio half-hour than an m.c.? The answer is two m.c.'s, or three. Someday we'll be having them in bunches like bananas. Only bananas—except for Chiquita—don't make a noise. So soon the stars may be drifting back to Hollywood or to Broadway, where they can do their stuff in the traditional manner, without interruption.

Some big shots, wooed by radio, have licked their fingers and held them to the wind, with the result that they have pulled a cagey finesse and become their own m.c.'s, only to find that when an m.c. gets through emceeing, the show (what there is of it) is all over, stolen by the "guests" who pinch-hit for the star while he is trying to muscle in on the m.c. It's the old-time free-for-all, but one in which the best man has only a slim chance of winning. Lend a battered ear to a couple of these parades and you'll get the hang of how it works. But if you think the m.c. goes berserk on radio, just wait till television takes over.

Although he has still got the stranglehold, the m.c. has two bouncing rivals for the center of the stage. One of these is "your announcer," who, not content with the mere commercial (it isn't *always* sung) and following the example of the filibustering m.c. who reduces the performing time of the star, is slyly assuming the role of the m.c. himself. This is a variant of the old squeeze-play, and in some cases is so subtly finagled that it is impossible to determine where one leaves off and the other begins or even to tell the two apart.

JUST as the m.c. has contrived to bore his way into the show, so the announcer, who often doubles as news reporter, has climbed out of the bubble bath and the crank-case oil to slither into the program proper. His caressing accents, one part warm vermouth, one part snake oil, are hardly distinguishable from those of the m.c., whose role he covets. And who wants to sit on the sidelines forever? You can't exactly blame him. I for one sympathize with the announcer; he is a salesman (actually in many cases an ex-salesman) who is expected to make a sale without being able to look into the faces of his prospects or answer their objections. I don't know his other tribulations but I doubt if Arthur Miller will ever be moved to write a play about his sudden death.

The announcer, however, does not offer as much competition to the m.c. as does that other expanding radio feature known as incidental, or original, music. Whereas the m.c. attempts

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Publishers' Corner

WRITER'S CRAMP ON THE LONG FORM

J. K. Lasser

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With this issue* SRL *institutes a monthly survey of some economic aspects of the publishing industry. As a nationally known CPA whose firm audits the books of many leading book publishers, J. K. Lasser is in a position to appraise the industry's economic ledger with great accuracy. Roland Gelatt, of* SRL, *collaborates with Mr. Lasser in presenting this series of articles.*

PUBLISHING in its dollars and cents aspect might seem at first glance rather debatable subject matter for a magazine concerned with literature and ideas. Someone is sure to object that economics and art are twain that never should meet. Yet the particular ivory tower which houses this view finds itself today on weak and shifty foundations. Economics and art seem to collide head on wherever we look. Consider the case of the first novel, a work of pure creation presumed to be unsullied by any sordid commercialism. That a first novel presents a financial risk of far greater proportions to the publisher of 1950 than to the publisher of 1930 is a fact pregnant with significant implications. It means that far fewer new authors find their way between the covers of a book; further, that a publisher now much prefers to place his money on a "safe" author rather than on his more "experimental" confrere. Here is just one example where economics may exert far-reaching influence on art, and it emboldens us to suggest that the economics of publishing may be of considerable pertinence to a literary magazine.

We shall have more to say about first-novel economics in a later issue. At the moment March 15 is almost upon us, and the problem of income tax bulks large on the public horizon. Is there not some cultural significance to be found in the treatment accorded authors by our present tax laws? If a citizen spends his time trading in stocks and bonds, his profits will usually be taxed no more than 25 per cent. If he spends his time writing a book, his profits are taxed at rates that may (and often do) go up to 77 per cent. There is no reason why tax laws should so favor the stock trader, and much research has been devoted to finding ways and means of giving the author equitable tax treatment. For publishers with big-money authors this comes to be a recurrent headache. After considerable experience with many author-publisher relationships, four different tax-saving procedures have been developed:

(1) If writing is not the author's business, he can consider profits from his book as a capital gain—taxed at not more than 25 per cent. This applies only to one-book authors. General Eisenhower's "Crusade in Europe" is the most publicized example of a book to benefit from this tax arrangement. In order to qualify for a long-term capital gain, authors must hold their completed manuscripts for more than six months.

(2) If the author is a professional writer he may benefit from the low tax rate of capital gains only by transferring all of his rights in a manuscript to a member of his family. This transaction constitutes a tax gift. Inasmuch as the family member is not in the business of writing or selling books, he can dispose of the manuscript to a publisher and claim a capital gain. Of course, no deals can be made with a publisher until the completed manuscript has been given away. If this reads like hocus-pocus, take our word that it has the full blessings of the Circuit Court in New York even though it may be disputed elsewhere. That a tax saving results from the gift counts not at all. What matters is that a member of the author's family, say a child, is the free and complete owner of the book. Such capital gainizing, moreover, can be effected with parts of a book; you may, for instance, keep two-thirds and give one-third to a child.

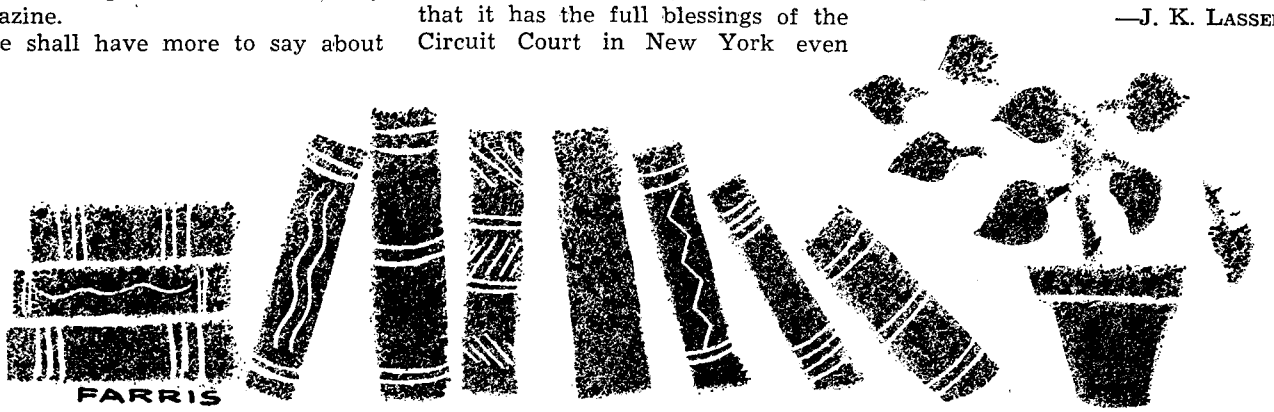
(3) Though a best seller may bestow a tremendous financial bonanza on an author, it usually comes all in one year and puts him in the top income-tax brackets. If the same amount were spread out over several years, his tax would be considerably lower. Some contracts are now drawn up with this contingency in view, limiting the amount of royalties to be paid in any one year and spreading the balance over several subsequent years. Tax experts insist that an author is taxed only as payments are received. The uncertainty as to the total amount of royalties which an author can expect supports this view.

(4) If an author has spent more than thirty-six months in completing his book, he can spread his tax payments over a like period of time. To fit into this tax deal authors must receive 80 per cent of their total royalties in one tax year.

Other tax-saving devices may develop as further thought is devoted to this problem. Meanwhile, these seem to be the surest means for an author to derive the most financial profit from his labor. Those who question the relevance of all this to literature are referred to Dr. Johnson's "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money."

EACH month this department will chart the course of book sales as they are reported to J. K. Lasser & Co. by many leading publishers. To the best of our knowledge this is the first time such an index has been made available. Our figures show that sales in dollars for the month of January 1950 were 9 per cent lower than in January 1949. This figure is reasonably consistent with retail sales of other merchandise, which also showed a drop.

—J. K. LASSER.



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Of Men and Mesons

THE cyclotron at the University of California, in Berkeley, invented by Ernest O. Lawrence, seems like a toy roundhouse when seen from a distance against the spectacular background of steep green hills. Even when you drive your car inside the guarded area the circular building seems unimpressively modest against its startlingly rich natural setting.

As you approach it on foot, however, you begin to get some idea of the mammoth size of the structure. And the moment you step inside, the circular shed seems large enough to enclose a football stadium. Facing the doorway as you come in is a massive pile of concrete blocks, suggesting an oversized but square igloo. There is the smell of raw voltage, difficult to describe to anyone who has not been inside a power plant when a giant dynamo is starting up. A deep and steady vibration is seemingly synchronized with a concentrated electrical hum.

The workhorse of the cyclotron is an electromagnet weighing 4,000 tons. Its job is to push and prod nuclear particles until they generate cosmic speeds. Deuterium ions, or deuterons, for example, are chased up to speeds greater than 25,000 miles per second. In this process the cyclotron handles 600,000,000,000,000,000 deuterons per second. The high-speed particles are used by physicists to investigate the properties of atomic nuclei. The basic data and approaches to the hydrogen bomb depend on such research.

The control room or atomic headquarters of the cyclotron is located along the circular wall. It is an electronic fairyland, with countless black panels speckled with hundreds of indicators, clocks, lights, buttons, and switches. Blue, green, and amber moving lines flash their messages on calipered dials. Sitting calmly on a stool in the center of all this is a mere human being, who decides what it is the electromagnet is to do, and who can shut off the whole atomic shooting match with one finger. The human being observes the dials and makes his calculations. He can tell from the indicators, for example, that deep inside the atom, so small that it is like a speck of sand alongside a star, is a substance called the meson that comes pretty close to approaching zero, with respect both to the space it occupies and the time it takes to emit its energy.

Here, inside this shed, and inside many other circular sheds like it throughout the world, a new environment for man is being shaped. It is an environment which, for better or worse, will replace the environment man has created for himself these past thousands of years. It has nothing in common with his natural environment; it has a character all its own, with elements previously unknown (on this planet, at least) made possible by a successful invasion of nature's innermost fortress, the atom.

It occurs to you that there is only one trouble with this new environment: it requires the perfect man. Only the perfect man—perfect in a moral, political, ideological, and spiritual sense— could avail himself of all the benefits in the atomic cornucopia. Only the perfect man, it might seem, would be capable of operating a society in which atomic energy could eliminate want, destroy disease, and provide for a rich and purposeful existence.

But to talk about the need for perfection in man is to talk about the need for another species. The essence of man is imperfection. Imperfection and blazing contradictions — between mixed good and evil, altruism and selfishness, co-operativeness and combativeness, optimism and fatalism, affirmation and negation. It would be wonderful if suddenly everywhere in the world there would be perfection, which is to say a regeneration of the heart of man, enabling all men to see themselves as cells in the larger body of mankind. It would be wonderful if suddenly people everywhere would see themselves in others and bring about a moral oneness to go along with the geographic oneness.

Yes, it would be wonderful, but it is not likely to happen—at least not in our time. Is there nothing, then, to be done that can head off the approaching collision?

ONE thing most certainly can be done: we can discover what the real nature of the challenge is and act upon it. The challenge at this point is not to make the world safe for this or that ideology but to make it safe for its differences. The challenge is to make the world safe for man's imperfections and his contradictions. The challenge is to keep his differences, real and supposed, from catching on fire. The issue is not whether one side can impose its will on the other, but how we can keep both sides from fusing inside an atomic incinerator.

It is an interesting question, of course, whether imperfect man can create a world congenial to his imperfections. But at least imperfection

Moment of Reading Verse

By David Morton

NOW thought, the fleet, the ever-stricken deer,
Arrives from panic at this grassy brink,
And lowers and lifts her head, is happy here,
And lifts and lowers her head, to gaze, to drink,

Drinks happiness, indeed, in this most clear
Reflected heaven caught down from above,
And sees, as a sweet form, and very near,
Her imaged self, perfected, shaped in love . . .

And so forgets the dark wood at her back,
The evil there, the long run, the hot thirst,
The tiredness gaining, and the yelping pack,

Forgets them all, forgets herself accurst,
And drinks and gazes, lowers and lifts her head,
Herself the heaven to which herself has fled.

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is something man understands; he is not without precedent in dealing with it. What is law—whether in the community or nation—but the attempt to deal with imperfection, to deal with error and error-makers? What is government but a political contract to set well-defined limits to permissible error, to make distinctions between errors of consequence and inconsequence, or between legality and illegality? What is justice except protection against error and imperfection in the application of law itself?

Where, then, is the government of the whole? Where is the machinery that can cope with error on a world scale? Where is man's protection against imperfection, protection against himself? Where is the world leadership concerned with humanity-at-large, rather than with atomic battalions? Man may be somewhat lower than the angels, and he may be imperfect, but these questions are well within his ken. —N. C.

Bookmarks

A FEW weeks ago this department suggested some alteration in the method of after-text annotations whereby the reader of a book could run down a specific note without floundering around to see what chapter he was reading. The almost universal present practice is to begin each series of chapter notes with 1. If the book has fifty chapters, there will be fifty Notes 1. Consecutive through-the-text numbering is avoided because in almost every instance the series would run well into three digits and could even reach four. We suggested the substitution of letters for numerals, admitting, however, that this method would introduce a few drawbacks of its own.

Thompson Webb, Jr., director of the University of Wisconsin Press, picks a few holes in our plan which had escaped our eyes and offers an alternative which we are delighted to present as decidedly more workable. He writes:

> There is a perfectly simple solution to the problem which retains, it seems to me, all of the virtues of the conventional system and eliminates for the most part the vice against which you have taken up cudgels. This simpler solution is predicated upon a belief that the reader of the book will probably not find it much of an annoyance to check the page number in the text before turning to the notes (I grant you he still has to check something—that the note itself does not identify itself perfectly in its index, but I think that you will agree that it is easier to check the number of the page on which one is reading than the number of the chapter). If, then, the running head for each page of notes reads something like this, "Notes to Pages 55-72," the reader has only to remember the number of the page and the number of the note in order to turn unerringly to the reference he seeks. As I see it, this system, though perhaps not perfect, has the virtues of not disturbing existing customs, of being far more flexible than your proposal since it allows as many as ninety-nine notes in a single chapter without more than two digits (and if more than ninety-nine notes are required the indices may begin over again with 1 and the system is still not disturbed), and finally of being susceptible to simple implementation. As a matter of fact, of course, it is already in rather wide use.

Mr. Webb encloses page proofs which demonstrate at a glance the convenience of this plan. We hope the "rather wide use" he speaks of will progress through a rather wider use all the way to general adoption.

* * *

The Snyder-Morris "Treasury of Great Reporting" resolves one puzzle which had frequently worried us, though never to the point of investigating it, namely, the reply which Henry M. Stanley received when he asked: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" It was "Yes."

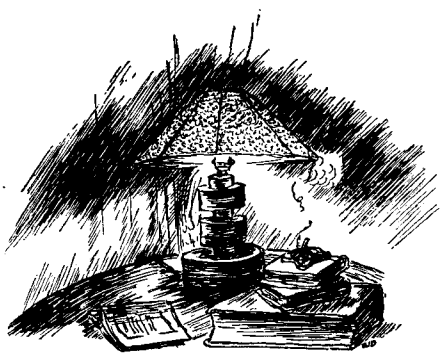
* * *

George Orwell's "Coming Up For Air," which appeared in this country two days before his death, is a novel which sounds autobiographical but obviously is not, the obviousness consisting in the fact that the fictional narrator's background was totally different from the author's own. Orwell, like Thackeray and Kipling, was born in India, and, like Thackeray, spent much of his youth in Paris, where, unlike Thackeray, he washed dishes for a living.

* * *

The other day, for the first time, "dark coffee" swam into our ken. Our informant was a lunch-counterman who was trying to be helpful. Dark coffee is coffee with only a smidgin of cream in it. Cream is slang for milk.

—J. T. W.



Good News

▸ For the first time, an international scientific expedition is going to explore and make tests in the Antarctic region. Experts in geology, glaciology, and meteorology from the United Kingdom, Sweden, and Norway, will spend three years at the South Pole in a cooperative quest for knowledge, especially investigating the theory that the world's climate is growing warmer.

▸ The Pasteur Institute, a small organization in Paris, has for sixty-three years been quietly and efficiently serving science and humanity through its three-fold mission: research, education, and manufacture of laboratory products for the prevention and cure of disease. If an epidemic of contagious disease were to break out anywhere in the world tomorrow, the Institute would be ready, on short notice, to supply life-saving serums and vaccines to bring it under control.

▸ A Christian Rural Overseas Program spokesman reported that Indiana farm folks contributed about $150,000 for the aid of Europe's needy.

▸ In 1949 UNESCO sponsored more than thirty hastily improvised schools for the homeless Arab children in Palestine. This project, which received the cooperation of the International Red Cross and the American Friends Service Committee, was warmly commended by Trygve Lie "for the valuable work being done."

▸ Hollywood is producing a film dedicated to the Japanese-American combat troops, which will tell the story of their heroic service in Italy and France during World War II.

▸ Nearly 1,000 institutions in Baltimore—churches, schools, and libraries—now fly the flag of the United Nations every day. This was announced by S. Raymond Dunn, president of the United Nations Citizenship League, which has been fostering an eight-point program to develop habits of world patriotism. Some Baltimore schools have a United Nations flag displayed in every classroom.

▸ In Cleveland, Ohio, a compulsory fair-employment-practice ordinance was passed by the City Council by a vote of 27-5, while in East St. Louis, Ill., Negro and white school children went to classes together for the first time in eighty-five years as segregation was ended in their school system.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

First Second Oldest Profession

SIR: Members of the theatrical trade, long designated and accepted as "the second oldest profession," are going to be pretty sore at Robert Sylvester ["The Second Oldest Profession," *SRL* Feb. 18] for appropriating this expression to describe operators in the fourth estate.

ROBERT DOWNING.
Boston, Mass.

Fed Up with Sex

SIR: This reader feels that almost all reviewers are fooling her badly. Usually they give no indication whether a book is of the sort which an honest woman may read without blushing. I may be shrugged off with the rejoinder "prudery." Perhaps so, but there are thousands of women, and I dare say some men, who must be fed up to the point of nausea with sex in books. The pat answer is not to read such books, but unless one eschews everything written in the last twenty-five years, or unless reviewers help, it is practically impossible to avoid them.

I started yesterday, on the strength of an *SRL* review, an historical adventure yarn. On page 3 there was a story so vile that it took my breath away. The author has, of course, a perfect right to write in this way if he wishes, but I object to his being introduced into the privacy of my mind under false pretenses, and feel that I have a grievance against the reviewer. I can, I hope, take sex in my stride, but I should also appreciate being allowed to leave it.

KATHERINE STAINTON.
Central Valley, N. Y.

"Liar by the Clock"

SIR: Your readers may be interested in knowing that John L. Lewis's phrase "liar by the clock" originated in Missouri. I well remember first hearing it over thirty years ago from an old sharecropper down in the "boot-heel" section of Missouri. "Why," he said, "them critters can lie faster than a horse can trot, they are liars by the clock." When asked what that meant, he replied, "They'll tell you a damn lie every time the clock ticks and another damn big whopper every time it strikes the hour, quarter-hour, and half-hour."

CYRIL CLEMENS.
Webster Groves, Mo.

"Pearls of Publishing"

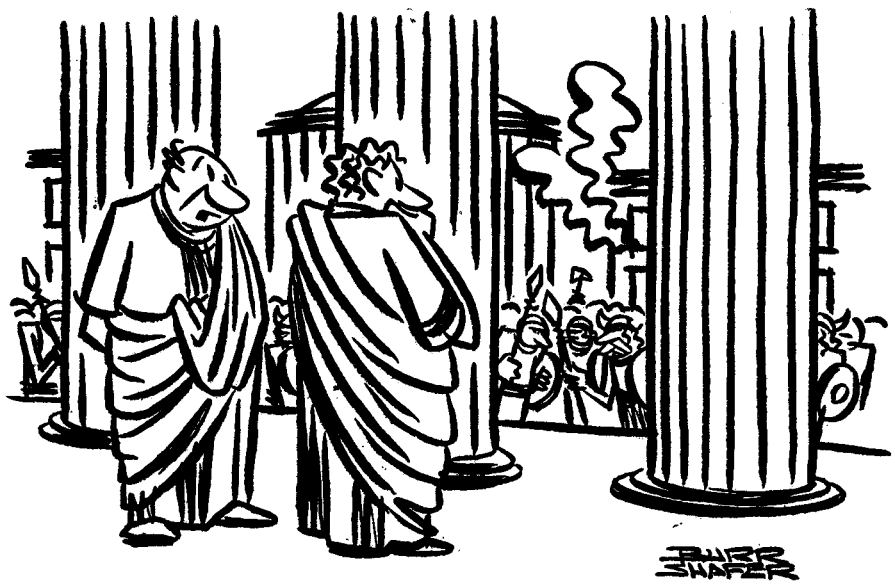
SIR: I hope that *SRL* will continue "The Pearls of Publishing" as it seems to me one of the most valuable features of the magazine. Congratulations!

FRANCES QUINCY ERVIN.
Washington, D. C.

SIR: May I suggest extending the idea of "Pearls of Publishing"? Why not take a ten-year period and select ten or fifteen books that merit being brought to attention again? There could be a list of these twice a year perhaps. If space allowed, the editor might mention several books in the same vein as the one commended and say: "These others may have sold better or caused more talk, but time seems to have revealed weaknesses in them that have lessened their interest."

The occasion of my writing is that I have just now read "Taps for Private Tussie," by Jesse Stuart (Dutton, 1943). It has sold well, I am sure, but many people may have missed it so far. It covers some of the same ground that Erskine Caldwell's and John Steinbeck's books do, but with how much more humanity, significance, and lasting truth!

LOUIS NEUBERGER.
San Marino, Calif.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"As a preliminary step, I suppose, we might recognize them on a sort of de facto basis."

Transcendental Science

SIR: Gwynne Nettler's letter [*SRL* Feb. 4] regarding "The Saint as Reformer" points up a widespread misconception concerning the meaning of the term "science." She says, "How can one study the transcendental and the non-empirical scientifically?"

The misconception is that unless something can be put under a microscope, be apprehended by one of the five senses, or otherwise be the subject of laboratory experiment, it cannot become the subect matter of a "science" or yield to the scientific method.

Shades of Aristotle! It has been said that he who distinguishes well reasons well. Perhaps there is a school of thought that enunciates the above narrow definition of a "science." If so, such persons should define terms and make some vital distinctions.

Science may be defined as the knowledge of a thing through its cause. Etymologically, it stems from the Latin, meaning "to know." Does this other school of thought contend that mathematical treatises on the Theory of Number and Einstein's life work are not science or scientific? Is there anything more transcendental or non-empirical?

JOHN A. MELLA.
Wilmette, Ill.

SIR: Transcendental truth can be found objectively, as definitely as facts in any science. Certainly, not many find it; not many are sufficiently interested, but some will come forward to corroborate my statement that where the desire is great enough and the necessary conditions obeyed the results will be as certain as those worked out according to physical laws in the laboratory. Christian Scientists call their religion "science" because, they state, it is provable—given complete laboratory conditions and correct process. I do not know as to this. Possibly their laboratory rules and conditions are too difficult to fulfil. But apparently Gandhi was one who could fulfil the most exacting: complete selfless love for mankind enabled him to overcome physical, mental, moral, and political obstacles up to the moment of the final bullet—which seems not to have been final after all, since his spiritual power goes on.

CLARE LYON HARDMAN.
Hollywood, Calif.

"Greek Way of Life"

SIR: The review of André Gide's "Corydon" [*SRL* Jan. 28] makes, I think, the error of admitting the declared facts and then rather uncomfortably remarking, "But I do not think so." Let us look at some facts.

After noting that homosexuality exists in some animals and some humans, M. Gide goes on to say:

> I maintain that the peace of the home, the honor of the woman, the

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dignity of the family, and the health of man and wife were more effectively safeguarded by the Greek way of life than by our own.

The first point to be noticed is that phrase "the Greek way of life." Greece was not a homogeneous state; and it is noticeable that the house of Pericles in Athens contained no rivals to Aspasia, the Free Woman. The way of life so heartily endorsed by Gide was not a Grecian habit, but was a product of Spartan superstition and the Nazi-like totalitarianism which bent all codes to build up military strength. It was an accepted fact that to eat the heart of a lion was to gain some of his strength; the flesh of a stag produced swiftness in the eater; a fox's brain improved the diner's cunning; while to submit to the passion of a tried and true soldier was to become imbued with his war-wisdom and courage.

Sparta won the war and the glory that was Greece declined from then on. Women, their status differing only in name from that of slave concubines and helots, were merely housekeepers and brood mares. Spartan homosexuality came out of its training schedule and spread openly across the land. Its results? Somehow or other, I cannot imagine Encolpius the hysteric or Ascyltos the lecher contributing much to the dignity of the home. They did not even protect women—who, according to old Petronius, seemed to need little protection in matters of porniceny. To become more up to date, there is little evidence that M. de Charlus, whose exploits crowd the pages of "Recollections of Things Past," contributed anything but sick problems to his community.

The trouble is that human homosexuals seem to be recruiting agents, once they have admitted to themselves that they are never going to grow into mental adults, into men instead of animals. The recruiting of boys to such service differs from the "white slaving" of girls in one way only—it does not tend to perpetuate a degraded mentality in the next generation. The question is not whether a homosexual is a man with rights of his own. Society also has rights; and when they are infringed by anybody, homosexual or not, society is apt to strike.

K. C. McINTOSH.

Pass Christian, Miss.

Economists' English

SIR: I read with amusement and general agreement the free-wheeling essay by Robert Cousins and S. T. Williamson on business books [*SRL* Jan. 28]. Their biting comments on the low quality of many such books will bring a loud "Amen."

But I must sorrowfully protest against Messrs. Cousins's and Williamson's strictures on the writing style of economists. The examples given deserve what they got, but these are not examples of economic phraseology. They are merely cases of bad English which happen to have been perpetrated by men who, I believe, are not "trained" economists. Let me give you an example of the real thing, from an economist who was trained up to the hilt:

> Men are voluntarily unemployed if, in the event of a small rise in the price of wage-goods relatively to the money-wage, both the aggregate supply of labor willing to work for the current money-wage and the aggregate demand for it at that wage would be greater than the existing volume of employment.

I have to go into a kind of mental trance to understand it. Yet every word is crystal clear and the sentence parses. The whole modern theory of unemployment, which has hit free enterprise right in the solar plexus, hangs on that oracular sentence. The author was John Maynard Keynes.

Or take the following by Professor F. S. C. Northrop by way of showing that the economist has nothing on the philosopher as a linguistic contortionist:

> The esthetic, intuitive, purely empirically given component in man and nature is related to the theoretically designated and indirectly verified component. . . .

These may not be instances of easy, elegant writing. They are like the raucous sounds emitted by an orchestra playing Bartók. But the reason lies in the difficulty and subtlety of the ideas, which could not be conveyed in simple terms. If you will do your homework you can probably get it. Are difficult and subtle ideas to be barred just because they can't be expressed in literary or colloquial English?

PALMER HARMAN.

Rushland, Pa.

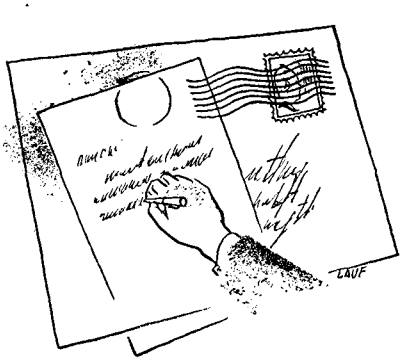
People of Prejudice

SIR: "The Gentle People of Prejudice" [*SRL* Jan. 21] struck me as very unpleasant reading indeed. My thorough agreement was too painful for enjoyment. The next step—this time upward—will, of course, lie in the continued extensive publication of such fine commentaries. Force reason down the throats of the majority—just plain, ordinary reason—and the race problem as we know it will sooner or later disappear. Thanks to H. A. Overstreet and *SRL* for their courage and common sense.

W. C. WATERS, III

Atlanta, Ga.

SIR: In objecting to H. A. Overstreet's "The Gentle People of Prejudice," Gerald W. Johnson [LETTERS, Feb. 11] seems to be telling us that prejudice is bad, but not so *very* bad, since Negroes "in the mass, are not yet equal, but only by way of becoming so," and since ". . . the masses of the Negro race have been acting on their own responsibility for less than a hundred years."



It is for reasons such as this that Mr. Johnson asks us to be tolerant of man's injustice to man—the most famous of all American injustices, and the one that may destroy us all.

This is a piece of arrogance that most of us might hope had been outgrown years ago by anyone claiming to be even moderately "civilized." It's also rather poor reasoning. Assuming by Mr. Johnson's name that his forbears were mostly Northwestern Europeans, we may take it that his family has been more or less civilized for approximately 1,000 years. This is an impressive achievement, fully ten times as impressive as the Negro's. It undoubtedly makes Mr. Johnson—by his own reasoning—ten times as civilized as his Negro bootblack. However, it also makes Mr. Johnson's Chinese laundryman and his Jewish tailor three or four times as civilized as Mr. Johnson. Fortunately, both the laundryman and the tailor are probably too highly civilized to rub Mr. Johnson's nose in the history books.

Mr. Johnson asks us not to ask for unprejudiced attitudes "without any consideration of what those attitudes may cost people in different circumstances"—by which he must mean white people in the South. Mr. Johnson seems to want the world to disregard a blasphemous crime against God and man—for the rather bizarre reason that it might be inconvenient for the criminal to stop.

A little less arrogance, please. The world is listening. And the gods are laughing.

MERRILL MARTIN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Gerald W. Johnson's reply to H. A. Overstreet's occasional indiscretions in an otherwise admirable article on "The Gentle People of Prejudice" is a just rebuke to a writer who should have been astute enough to avoid highly prejudicial remarks in an article on prejudice. Regarding the unguarded remarks of many who write on controversial subjects I wish to ask why almost every writer who feels impelled to descant on the gentle or ungentle practice of prejudice must look knowingly over his shoulder toward Dixie as if that region were the only spot on the map where prejudice reigns? Is the South to be an eternal whipping post for all who would expatiate on the fine art of displaying prejudice? Before I am placed under the sod I should like to read at least one book, or one lengthy essay, on the subject of prejudice that does not sensationally feature the South's sorest problem. Please give notice when it arrives.

LABAN LACY RICE.

Ware Neck, Va.

Prayer for the Moment

SIR:
Creator of the Universe!
Chain us—lest we destroy
thy stars;
We who are about to extinguish
the immortality of Beethovens
And sterilize the rose,
Chain us!

GARRETT WOLPERT.

Minneapolis, Minn.

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Poetry. *Muriel Rukeyser's first book of poems was published fifteen years ago. With a prose book about poetry and two recent volumes of the same, it is now time to assess her achievement to date, which is sensitively done by our reviewer. Two much older poets present what Sir Thomas Browne called a "columbary," being either a dovecot or a pigeon house of songs (in this case a combination of both!). One of the most exciting of the younger poets, John Frederick Nims, is accorded praise for his second volume; one of Selden Rodman's always interesting anthologies is analyzed, and lesser poets are given their day in court in Poetry Notes on page 29 of this issue. The art seems today more alive than ever, despite the heavy hydrogen menace suspended over the world.*

Invigoration and a Brilliant Hope

THE LIFE OF POETRY. By Muriel Rukeyser. New York: A. A. Wyn. 232 pp. $3.

ELEGIES. By Muriel Rukeyser. New York: New Directions. 82 pp. $5.

ORPHEUS. By Muriel Rukeyser. San Francisco: The Centaur Press. Unpaged. $2.

By James R. Caldwell

A REVIEWER ought surely to keep his place, which is not the critic's, and if possible his head, which is not the evangelist's. Miss Rukeyser's three books, taken (as they should be) together, make these retentions difficult. Their radical proposals carry an explosive impact and impel one toward portentous judgments. Specifically, I find it difficult to repress the opinion that in Muriel Rukeyser the age is finding one of its major voices. Indeed, too difficult; though I shall find some fault with the voice.

In a time of shrinking poets and shrinking critics here, at any rate, is one capable in both poetry and criticism, who expands and embraces. In a generation of artists all angry rejectors of this murderous world she rejects only arty rejection. In a time which declares, as E. M. Forster has recently, that the flux of experience is hopelessly intractable, and the only discoverable orders those self-contained in art or religion, she discovers an order intrinsic to both life and art. This is a radical integration, and while it appears in the warm and immediate apprehensions of a poet, it is responsible to the evidence of much modern knowledge and substantiated in excellent poetry.

Read "The Life of Poetry" first. It builds the frame of the theory and illumines the books of poetry. "This is not a book of literary criticism," warns Miss Rukeyser. It maps, nevertheless, the outlines of an esthetic into which are drawn, among others, the findings of Whitehead, Gibbs, Freud, and ultimately Hegel. Fundamental is the conviction of process as reality and of poetry as process, an emotional response, continuous with other forms of experience, "which accepts a world of process, a dynamic universe of time and growth relations." Basically related to poetry are the manifestations of dream and its involvements in wish and will, these taken socially as well as individually. The dialectical process is a third major key, seen not as a tight and easy rationale of class struggle but in a poetic vision of the eternal counterpoise and reconcilement of forces, and pervading the whole is the ideal for poetry and for life of full consciousness, free of inhibition, contempt, and neurotic coldness. "This is the country in which all activity is creative and true and . . . the only treason is disowning."

Miss Rukeyser disowns little or nothing. With her poet's knack of seeing the symbolic meanings in events and the connections latent in them, and with various and deep reading she adduces and enriches from every quarter of contemporary life, from punctuation to the blues, from Fenollosa to Leadbelly.

—*Ken Reichard.*

Muriel Rukeyser—"an explosive impact."

The idea is, of course, far too big for the book, and strains at the bindings. The energies of her convictions in fact are hardly contained in the prose medium. Her exposition throbs toward the oracular and one has often to wait and let the reverberations subside.

The prose book throws much light on the two volumes of poetry and these upon one another. The dialectical theme of the seventh chapter of "The Life" emerges in the poetry of the "Ninth Elegy," and both illustrate the "Orpheus." The inception and growth of the latter poem is recounted in interesting fashion in "The Life."

> On Forty-second Street late one night I saw the night-walkers go past fifth-run movie houses . . . not as whole people but as a leg, a part of a shoulder, an eye askew. Pieces of people.

Miss Rukeyser does not of course explain her poetry, but the prose makes visible a number of experiences in the process of translation from "life" to "art."

In the recreated myth of "Orpheus," and in the moving lyrics of "outrage and possibility" which place the "Elegies" in the lineage of "Piers," Whitman, and Melville there is that full, animate, and vivid power which gave distinction to her earlier books. All is firm, intense, and arresting. Yet I have a disturbing sense that in these recent poems Miss Rukeyser's motile, ringing energies are becoming overagitated. Frenetic is too harsh a word, but her images and rhythms, like Shelley's, seem hurried and driven by a general passion behind and so external to all particular items of her experience.

This is, of course, the natural result of the poet's passionate sense of movement as essence, a condition of that "climate of excitement and revelation" which is for her the climate of the universe. Yet it proposes an artistic problem which may be grave for her. Given her assumptions, and the virtues thereof, can she be expected to find still points in the turning world, the very stillness of turning?

She discovers, at any rate, and I think especially for youth, invigoration and a brilliant hope.

James R. Caldwell, scholar-poet, teaches in the English department at the University of California. He is the author of "Pringle and Other Poems" and "John Keats' Fancy."

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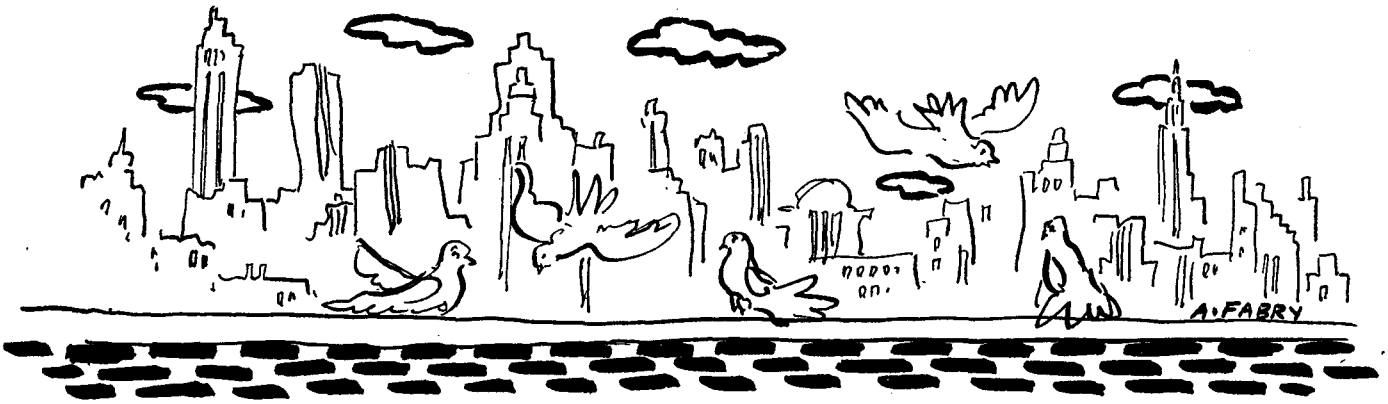

A Brace of Squabs

POETRY PACKAGE. By W. R. B. and C. M. Introduction by Cuckoo. The poems are signed P. C. (Pigeon Cove) and D. D. (Dove Dulcet). New York: Louis Greenfield. 48 *pp.* $1.

By DAVID MCCORD

COMES now from the small end of plenty's horn
A package gift-wrapped on the New Year's morn—
A fragment of the street where I was born.

The address clearly 51 E. 10:
The packaging performed by some small wren,
The packaged poems the dovecote work of men—

P.C., D.D.: Prize pair of homing birds!
The phoenix-nesting hatcher of fine words
And Don Dove Dulcet singing here in thirds.

Much have I trammeled in the realms of gold!
Pease porridge hot is not pease porridge cold:
So careful I to buy and not be sold.

Were I to lay my Truman dollar down
To hear the singing of my native town,
This is my title, adjective and noun:

"Poetry Package!" What an odd conceit
To issue from so personal a street:
So small, so imbric, and so passing neat.

The Cuckoo, advocating these two bards,
Aware in what affection they are pards,
Pipes of the Urn which they have filled with shards.

And, if my little metaphors will mix,
I'll match them shard to shard, no cicatrix
To show the joining when the rubric thicks:

Two poets in one poem. I quote in part
In full: "A door stands open in the heart
And all good things are true." Then what is art

Without this door to open as we please
And let the poet out to flout and tease;
Let him indwell, a rug across his knees?

Dove Dulcet and his Pigeon Cove are twain
For whom intensity is more than pain,
For whom no chill could presuppose the blain;

In whom true elevation of the soul
Is no small sunflash in the goldfish bowl,
With whom the solemn still becomes the droll.

"I saw my youth, a moment, from the sky . . ."
And in a bus the other riding by
Distills Metropolis in raindrops.
Aye,

From Forty-second Street (above, below)
The "bursting birds sing seltzer." Morwenstowe
And Natty Bumppo — each is apropos.

I doff my hat: "*And still the cock doth crow!*"

Nimble Nims, et al.

A FOUNTAIN IN KENTUCKY. By John Frederick Nims. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 72 *pp.* $2.75.

100 MODERN POEMS. Selected with an introduction by Selden Rodman. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 191 *pp.* $2.75.

By I. L. SALOMON

TWO YEARS ago John Frederick Nims was acclaimed for his first book of poems, "The Iron Pastoral." This second volume is even more extraordinary, for many of the poems in "A Fountain in Kentucky" will outlive our time. The academicians will be outraged by the nimble Mr. Nims, who, as an associate professor of English at Notre Dame, writes in a language that sounds magnificently new. A Catholic poet, he is not pietistic; a student of the classics, he is not a prissy stuffed-shirt. No subject is too mean for him to transmute into poetry. In his esthetic the poem is the becoming, the substance of his material determining its organic form.

Unlike the poems in "The Iron Pastoral," these new ones are not integrated with the title but in each of them that excellence that is the mark of genius is apparent. There are a few weak poems that bear studied imperfections; it seems as if Mr. Nims means to shock by extravagances that sometimes recoil in his disfavor. But "A Fountain in Kentucky" is a brilliant and exhilarating work of art. With exuberance and epigrammatic violence Mr. Nims breeches the staid wall of propriety by indulging in hyperbole, astonishing metaphor, and startling trope. To a poet of considerable acuity has been granted a lyricism that few of his contemporaries possess. Some poets merely shock by their daring; Mr. Nims delights. He can be ribald without being offensive, tender without being maudlin, and modern with-

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out being precious. He knows the value of coarse and smooth rhythms, of raucous and quiet sounds, of the relative rapidity of accented and unaccented syllables.

These lines taken at random show what Mr. Nims is at: "Treading in glue, flopped in the face by seas / Where corpses bob up leering, dive like lead"; "Floating even the sun toward hover of noon"; "thought's numbing O/Dove deepsea-panoplied down phosphorous *Know*"; "Eyelids: their petal-on-pond sweet meeting at night"; ". . . his cup-chill fingers drew/A girl's white throat to his sunburnt knees." Such a poem as "First Date" contains these assonances: come, home, same; school, doll, roll; knee, know, now; pools, pulls, appall.

Mr. Nims includes the Englishing of two odes of Horace; both follow the stanzaic sapphics of the original (not given), and both are welcome for the surprising rendition in American speech. These are odes the Latinist shies off in reading Horace with his classes. Since most modern readers learned their ancient and romance languages by the process of osmosis in sitting on their lexicons while in college, it would well become the modern poet to provide translations of all foreign phrases in notes at the end of the book.

The four sections of "A Fountain in Kentucky" are discrete entities; if there is no perspective of purpose other than a poet's responsiveness to the world he knows, there are variable intensities, and these make a synthesis.

* * *

"100 Modern Poems" is an exciting, if discouraging, anthology of prose and poetry slanted towards the main current in avant-garde writing. Its introduction replete with authoritarian dicta, it devotes a third of its pages to translations from major European and south-of-the-border poets before it proceeds to forerunners of the modern school. It continues with a group of latter-day satirists and concludes with sprightly examples of poetry-making in the Forties.

The tenor of the introduction is exemplified by such a statement as "Dante is generally considered to be the last poet who assimilated the common wisdom of his age in his art. But a case may be made for Shakespeare. . . ." (*sic!*). It also classifies Viereck as "an essentially comic" poet. Perhaps Mr. Rodman meant to say ironic.

In "Beyond Frontiers" the original texts are not given and although Apollinaire, Lorca, Reyes, Seferis, and Prévert ring true in English rendering, other poets wear the personality of their translators.

What makes this book exciting is not its enrichment by poems that are already classics but the precise writing of Slessor, Schwartz, Drinan, to name but three poets who ought to be better known. However, it is distressing to read inferior Spender, Cummings, and Pound and to find that no translations are made of foreign phrases in individual poems. Fitts's "Priam," splendid as it is, suffers this lack.

The prose selections are in key with the temper of modern writing, but Gertrude Stein and Auden do not fare as well as Joyce, Williams, Agee, Hemingway, and Mailer. Dos Passos ("42d Parallel"), Caldwell ("God's Little Acre"), and E. M. Roberts ("My Heart and My Flesh") seem to have eluded the editor.

The major defect of this anthology is that such writers as Nims, Tate, Humphries, Paul Goodman, and H. D. are excluded, and that Robinson and Frost, as a concession to traditional taste, are rendered innocuous by ordinary representation. Mr. Rodman knows better, since his judgment in a previous anthology was first rate.

Two Soliloquies

By Christopher Morley

Comedy of Errata

1. Retort Spastic

SLEEP—DON'T CHURN ACID.
Do you lay awake
When you want to sleep?
Do you toss and turn during the night?
—Advertisement for Tums, *The New York Times*, Dec. 19, 1949.

Yes; brooding about grammar.

2. Social Note

Yet how I love the female blackamoor
Cookmaid to some friends of mine
Who said to her mistress, planning a dinner:
Yessum, I think it's good to give them
A slice of grapefruit first;
That cataracts
A heavy meal.

3. Subscript

The quotations above
Are not snob or superior;
The errors men love
Have no motive ulterior.

Can't Do That to Him

Jingling the chains of silver galaxies
God took down his leash of planets
His walking-stick of warning
And old off-duty hat.

Man, habitual pooch, knows all the gestures:
Capers, nose to scut, in ecstasy—
God feels ambulatory?
Then let us run in glory,
Ready for outing, snouting
A cosmos of smell.

God, for some unknown reason, changed His mind,
Or, interrupted, put the leash away.

Frustrated in prime faith, man fell,
And cringes now in hell.

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Poetry Notes

PENDULUM, by Florence Kerr Brownell. Fine Editions Press, New York. $2.50. Mrs. Brownell has an artist's sensitivity to word color. Her images are sharp, often daring. Many of her poems for this reason are visual rather than mental; they are quick stroke impressions rather than lyric unities. She is most successful when the idea and image fuse into a print with an oriental economy, in which the artistic hint invites the mind to carry on. Where Mrs. Brownell attempts to be the philosopher she is not as adept, and the moral dwindles off in a vague verity or a rhetorical question.

The poet has a keen eye for nature's phenomena and frequently offers an effective image, as in "Ghost Seed":

Listen . . . footsteps of the sea shuffle
along the shore
Tumbling shell, lettuce weed, sand
dollar over and over.

Some of the images are over-done, over-colored as in "Zero," a well-drawn picture of a war-bombed cathedral which weakens with:

A taper of sunset flares in the empty
casement,
Kaleidoscoping the pattern of remembrance.

Several of the less ambitious poems are the more pleasurable for the lack of striving. In "Scintilla" we can enjoy the simple conceit:

The child darts in a bird-dance
Clutching a fistful of air.
Few know she catches fireflies
To light her dream.

If more of Mrs. Brownell's poems could "clutch a fistful of air," they would also hold some of the elusive stuff of poetry, which at times eludes her strenuous technical effort as a word painter. "Pendulum," to avoid a cliché, is more than promise. There is a need, however, for greater skill in handling rich pigment.

PIERRE, or A Parisian and a Puritan, by Virginia Kent Cummins. Brentano's, New York. $3. This is the story of sacred and profane love, in which the pagan eventually wins after a horrendous struggle of the spirit and the flesh. The setting is apparently in France and Italy before World War I. Pierre is the man of the world, with other conquests of the heart behind him and forgotten. Constance has only one love and it is Pierre. One of Pierre's old flames appears on the scene, the wick still sputtering, and Constance is shocked. There is a long period of separation, of spiritual appraisal, of remorse until they come together again just at the opening of World War I. Then Constance accepts Pierre on his terms, but the war ends the lovers' dream. Pierre is lost at sea in battle but through an apparition the lovers are united again in spirit.

There is considerable ingenuity in rhyme shown by the author, who weaves a long period of suspense on a thin thread. The story suffers from an over-exposure of emotions where the artistic hint would have sufficed. The conscience of the lady is badly lacerated before the eventual surrender. The book is praised in foreword notes by Robert Hillyer, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Grant Code, and Jessie Rittenhouse. It's a formidable array, but I respectfully dissent.

TRAVELER TO APRIL, by Andrew Hewitt. Blue Ridge Press, Charlotte, N. C. $1.50. This little volume of poetry walks shyly into our presence with a Charlotte, N. C., imprint, and asks to be appraised. The first glance removes the apprehension of "here is another local bard of the commonplace." Andrew Hewitt is a skilled poet within his own modest frame, and several of his poems break through the frame to compete with the better lyrics of our day. He is at home as a keen observer of the natural event, and often finds the unusual image and epithet, as in the "Tempest":

Birds in trees where uneasy rumor
runs
Shuttle down and upward
(In the depths of the house
Cups in the cupboard
Tower and topple, startling the
mouse.)
The sky is a mustering of guns.

The characters which Hewitt describes mostly belong to yesterday, but even among his ghosts there is a nostalgic humor.

HORN IN THE DUST, by Selwyn S. Schwartz. Twayne Publishers, New York. $2. Words crackle like popcorn in the electric vocabulary of Selwyn S. Schwartz. He does violence to language, wrenching words out of their accepted meaning, hitching verbs to strange nouns and objects. At times this tyrannical attitude is successful, as it is among certain of our moderns. His method is imagistic, prismatic, and self-conscious. There is a definite free-verse accent, but his words are too tightly put together to allow for music. Once you are acclimated to Mr. Schwartz's language, you can enjoy such elliptical lines as:

He, the mirror's tenant, spoke to his
shadow and the voice was less than
sound. Nothing
echoed but the sun, as he spoke of
measured silences.

Many figures of speech are mixed or incongruous as:

Despite twin umbrellas, the breasts
acclaim the vague emotions
of higher space
bruised into eager eyes.

The most communicative and certainly the most lyrical section of the book is a group of nine poems entitled "Letters to My Unborn Son." The Pegasus of Mr. Schwartz is a mustang, unbridled and unsaddled, yet curiously hobbled by the poet's deliberate technical tyranny over his ideas and vocabulary.

—A. M. SULLIVAN.

EPITAPHS AND OCCASIONS, by Roy Fuller. MacDonald, New York. $1.30. The day's poetry in England is called romantic and as such a protest against the cerebral-esthetic-post-Eliot poetry, but Roy Fuller's newest volume is the protest of epigrammatic wit against the new romance. The longish dedicatory poem reminds one of the literary fun Alan Porter had in the fore-pages of his "Signature of Pain" years ago. This poet memorializes with neat quatrains the seasons, the films, the concerts, and the thoughts of postwar England. He has an eighteenth-century sharpness now and then, and quite as often a romantic sweetness he is supposed to deplore. There ought to be no such announced conflict, or if there is, then all the more interesting for English poetry.

Roy Fuller is an uncomfortable romantic, this book seems to say. He celebrates Knole, writes amusingly about Dorothy Wordsworth and Emily Dickinson, spies, cats, children, and the birthday of Sarah Symons. He does it all with a warmer heart than he will admit. No doubt some of his smart lines, as in "Nursery Rhyme" or "Song," are applauded. But he is truest to himself in his most personal, and more serious, verses.

This poet's predicament deserves thought. He is an energetic, striving voice, hoping to be heard when he speaks up; this part of his book is good performance, but he sounds best when he is quiet. He is a curiously Hamlet-obsessed poet. He is topical in a good many poems, and for the most part traditional in form and manner. If there are others in England like Roy Fuller, poetry is in good health there. —JOHN HOLMES.

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Seeing Things

AS WAR MADE THEM

IT CANNOT have been easy either to make or to decide to make a film* from "Three Came Home."† Agnes Newton Keith's account of what she saw and suffered in a Japanese prison camp is not the kind of book, or even the kind of war book, to which Hollywood ordinarily turns. Mrs. Keith was not writing for the lotus-eaters. Neither was she writing for the bunting boys and girls who believe that all the world's virtues are concentrated in the Red, White, and Blue.

Fascinating though her story was, it had no other choice than to be harrowing. The ugly facts of conquest and captivity were Mrs. Keith's concern. With skill and honesty she was recording an ordeal, the more terrible because true, in which exceptional fortitude had been shown under the most trying and degrading of circumstances. Although she, her husband, her very young son, and a group of fellow internees had suffered cruelly at the hands of the enemy when the Japanese had overrun Borneo, War was Mrs. Keith's real enemy.

If she dealt unsparingly with the deprivations, the filth, the indignities, the starvation, the illnesses, the fears, and the inhumanities to which the conquered are subject, she had her reasons. She wanted her readers to share her repugnance for warfare and shudder with her at its horrors. With remarkable dispassion, considering what she had survived, she was careful to point out that in her pages the Japanese were shown "as war made them, not as God did." She was equally scrupulous in emphasizing that the American, British, and Chinese who were prisoners with her were, for the same reason, not always pleasant people. Dauntless, yes. And somehow able to endure the unendurable. But pleasant in the face of such misery and such a testing, no.

For all of these reasons there must have been those at Twentieth Century-Fox, experienced in box-office tastes and anxious therefore to distribute more of the usual lollipops or aphrodisiacs, who questioned the wisdom and need of making a film from "Three Came Home" at this late date and at this particular time. Courage was required. And for that courage, in itself uncommon, we can only be grateful since it has resulted in a picture uncommon in both its subject matter and its treatment.

If in his screen play Nunnally Johnson has taken his liberties with single incidents in "Three Came Home" and made the inevitable elisions or omissions, he has in most respects been faithful to the spirit of Mrs. Keith's chronicle. Instead of fictionalizing it, he has presented it as the tale of personal experience which, for its full impact, it needs to be. He has permitted us to hear Claudette Colbert speaking for the American-born Mrs. Keith, taking over her role of narrator, and interrupting the episodes from time to time to brief us as to statistics and the background of specific events in such direct terms as "I" or "we" or "Harry" or "George." Such a method, needless to say, focuses the story, brings it closer, and keeps reminding us in the presence of what may seem incredible that what we are seeing was rooted in actuality.

Mr. Johnson has not spared us the humiliations which the white people in Borneo underwent when the Japanese invaded the island and swarmed into their homes. He has shown us the heartbreak of farewells, the sorrows of separation, the misery of prison life, and the antagonisms no less than the gallantry of which people are capable when living under horrible conditions, without privacy, without proper food, and above all without hope. Although he has not minimized the brutalities of Japanese officers and guards, Mr. Johnson has also given us occasional reminders of the kindnesses of individual Japanese. Moreover, he has not hesitated to draw, much in Mrs. Keith's manner though less completely, that baffling character Colonel Suga, who at one moment was the conqueror odious in his arrogance and at the next a lover of literature, a gentleman, and a family man. It was Colonel Suga who, though he may have failed Mrs. Keith by his absence when she was being tortured, nonetheless respected her as a writer and was often considerate of her, her little son, and her husband.

IF THE scenario for "Three Came Home" can claim its merits, so can the production. It creates the illusion of having been taken in its native habitat. Jean Negulesco's direction is both imaginative and forceful. Certainly the picture gains because of its casting and acting. Patric Knowles as Mrs. Keith's British husband, Mark Keuning as their small son, Florence Desmond as a friend in prison, and Howard Chuman as the villainous Japanese lieutenant who has Mrs. Keith tortured are among the many who play truly and well.

But especially outstanding are Ses-

—*From "Three Came Home."*

Florence Desmond and Claudette Colbert — "a picture uncommon in both its subject matter and its treatment."

**THREE CAME HOME, screen play by Nunnally Johnson, based on the book of the same name by Agnes Newton Keith. Directed by Jean Negulesco. Produced by Mr. Johnson for Twentieth Century-Fox. With Claudette Colbert, Patric Knowles, Florence Desmond, Sessue Hayakawa, Sylvia Andrew, Phyllis Morris, Mark Keuning, Howard Chuman, Drue Mallory, Carol Savage, Virginia Kelly, Mimi Heyworth, Helen Westcott, etc. At the Astor Theatre, New York City.*

†THREE CAME HOME. By Agnes Newton Keith. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 317 pp. $3.

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sue Hayakawa of silent screen fame and Claudette Colbert. Mr. Hayakawa's Colonel Suga is remarkable in its power to suggest both the impassive mask and the very human being behind it. Miss Colbert's Mrs. Keith is one of the notable performances of her career. Her simplicity is radiant; so is the taste with which she avoids the easy sentimentalities of the worried wife and mother. Somehow Miss Colbert even manages to suggest the emaciation which overtakes her. Without indulging in heroics she is also able to convey that iron resolution with which Mrs. Keith was blessed and which alone sustained her.

Considering how much is courageous and right and different in "Three Came Home" as a film, it may seem the act of an ingrate to touch upon those aspects of the picture which are disappointing. One of the perversities of criticism, however, is that the higher the hopes which are raised, the severer the demands become. A play, a picture, or a book that gets nowhere because it meant to go nowhere at least has not fallen short of its goal. But a play or a picture that does have an objective and that almost reaches it is apt to be blamed for the short distance it has left uncovered instead of being praised for the long distance it has traveled.

Since Mrs. Keith's book was what is usually described as a human document, and since the picture made from it is also produced as one, I wish that in its screen version "Three Came Home" had about it even more of the qualities of a documentary. The "Hollywood touch" is a very special thing. It represents specious glamour and satiny make-believe. It is the trademark of deliberate falsification, the means so often chosen to guarantee moviegoers that what they are seeing has little relation to life.

Count among the virtues of "Three Came Home" the fact that this touch with its attendant blight is so seldom felt. Yet it is there, however remote, indirect, or furtive. Compare the picture with "The Last Stop," "Open City," "Paisan," or "The Bicycle Thief," and instantly it confesses its presence. A certain grayness of effect, a definite dedication to unrouged reality, a willingness to show ugliness plain without either dressing or whooping it up — these at moments are missing.

As examples, take the way Miss Colbert's coiffeur, by being in invisible attendance upon her even in a prison camp, subtracts from the fidelity of her characterization. Or the way that the incident of Mrs. Keith's being attacked by a Japanese soldier has to be accompanied by a howling windstorm before it is deemed cinematically ac-

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ceptable. Or, worse still, consider the movie's ending.

Peace has come. The Emperor has issued his Imperial Rescript. The planes overhead are ours. The Japanese guards have disappeared. The prison gates are open. Husbands, long separated from their wives and families, are facing the great moment of reunion. But Hollywood, being Hollywood, cannot tolerate a quiet meeting such as Mrs. Keith describes. Instead, it must substitute that looking-for-a-needle - in - a - haystack - and - finding-it routine, which is one of the trustiest devices of separation sagas. Women in droves must be seen scanning hordes of males as they walk or limp over the horizon on a dusty road. As goes without saying, the last wife to spot her man, when all hope for his return seems to have been lost, is Miss Colbert.

As a picture, "Three Came Home" would have gained by being more faithful to Mrs. Keith's narrative. No doubt I am asking for the impossible. But I, for one, wish that the film had dared to include in its final sequences the appalling speech which Mrs. Keith and her fellow passengers were compelled to listen to when, at last free, they were returning to a free land on an American Army Transport. There were 1,500 passengers on board. Among these were some thirty-five children who had spent most of their childhood in prison camps. Husbands and wives were quartered separately and the husbands had originally been told, for no understandable reason, that they would not be allowed into first-class quarters to see their families at any time during the voyage. When the men complained, these were the words which poured down through the ship over the public-address system. They were spoken by an American officer as autocratic and inhuman as the worst of Japanese jailers.

"If you don't like your quarters on the ship, get off. I don't know what you are accustomed to, but you're in the Army now. You are all under military discipline, and if you don't behave I'll put you in the brig on bread and water for seven days.

"The husbands of most of you women are quartered below on the troop decks. If you have children your husbands will be allowed to enter first-class quarters for a short time daily to help care for the children. If they don't take care of the children, and just play around with you girls, they will not be allowed up."

One of the distinctions of Mrs. Keith's book was that it had the honesty to deal not only with the Japanese as war made them, but with Americans, too. As a picture, "Three Came Home" is unwilling to go that far.

—John Mason Brown.

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 18)

by the dehumanizing mechanisms of his own times. I would not labor this point since Mr. Woolf has refrained so pointedly from preaching any sermon. It is a provocative idea and not the only one that may appear like a sudden spark struck between two of his dry, cold sentences. Mr. Woolf's is an active intelligence, everywhere dominant over the arid world of Henry Malling. He, certainly, engages our interest where Malling does not, with his new changes upon an ancient theme.

Revolutionary Saint

SET FREE BARABBAS. By Ivan Roe. New York: Harper & Bros. 250 pp. $2.75.

By Arthur C. Fields

CHRIST or Barabbas, saint or revolutionary—which he is has tortured many a political leader. For to succeed in his plan, the political leader often has to depend on violence, and the fruits of violence lie heavy on the conscience. The deaths and the woundings, the pillage and destruction are brought about by him or by his orders. The widows and orphans are his responsibility. But, worst of all, should he fail the entire weight of sorrow and despair falls on his shoulders alone. It is little wonder then that men confronted with such terrible responsibility often make a fundamental mistake: instead of realizing that their acts, their methods, are those of the revolutionary they conceive of themselves as saints. When their methods fail the consequences of this mistake are often too bitter to bear.

"Set Free Barabbas" is the story of a revolutionary. Daniele Maroc returns to an unnamed Mediterranean island to succeed where he had hitherto failed in an uprising against injustice. Wiser in purpose, harder in spirit, the brand of determination burned within him as deep as the shackle bands he still wears on his legs (reminders of his recent imprisonment), Maroc arrives one step ahead of the police. His coming stirs up the island, which has been sleeping in the heat and silence ("sound seeped out of the world, leaving it flat and dead, like the dry, hollow sounding-board of an instrument with slackened strings"). Maroc draws those strings tight, stretches them taut. From the natives to the tourists,

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from the press to the slothful police captain, the entire island is aware of a disturbing element in its midst; an ominous tension hangs over the land. The stage is set for revolution.

But what could have turned into an exciting tale of suspense — the strained atmosphere of the locale heightening the atmosphere of the plot, the terrible heat infusing the entire plan of revolution—slumps lifeless into a miasma of talk and random thoughts spoken by characters in whom the reader has little interest and less concern. For to succeed a book like this must make its main character —the revolutionary—of vital interest to the reader. Daniele Maroc is worshiped by his little brother and a senile old man, but he is never made real or alive enough so that this worship can be shared. Saints or revolutionaries are touchy subjects for novels. There is always the danger that their magical, compelling effect on others will never get across on the printed page. Where in real life these revolutionaries may lure their suffering mates like rats out of their holes, such heroes, regarded in the soft light of a drawing-room lamp, often fail to inspire the reader at all. Daniele Maroc is such an example. As a man of action—the leader of a group of insurgents—he is believable enough. But as the author penetrates deeper into his character the spell wears off. Step by step—as Maroc theorizes about his actions, as he launches into abstract, enigmatic discussions of this revolution (the cause of which, by the way, is never made sufficiently clear), as he puzzles over the dangers of loneliness in a leader—the illusion is dispelled until at last the character is revealed for what it is: too slight to carry the burden of a novel, too sketchy for either revolutionary or saint.

Add to that a cast comprised of a weak, defeatist journalist, a weak, defeatist pianist, a bored wife, two gigolos, and various assorted riffraff—and the task of making any compelling study of a revolution becomes almost impossible. With the exception of Rupil — the fat, lazy police captain—most of the characters seem victims of the heat: vague, lazy, and dull.

The revolution takes place; it is fought and finally quashed. Many die and Maroc is fatally wounded. Just before he dies he has a final discussion with the priest. The last word to leave his lips is "passion." Perhaps that is what is lacking throughout "Set Free Barabbas." Some passion, some little flash. Some spark to animate the cardboard characters so that their words are real. Something to bridge the gap that lies between essay and fiction.

Greatest Dramatist Since Shakespeare

THE GIFT OF GLORY. By W. Carroll Munro. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 276 pp. $3.

By HARRISON SMITH

GENIUS is a subject of perennial interest to writers and is always a challenge to their creative gifts. It has been personified this year in the actor and the painter by Daphne du Maurier and Joyce Cary, and now in the first novel of an American, W. Carroll Munro, we have a playwright labeled by one of his admirers after his death as the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare. At the memorial dinner at which this wild critical pronouncement is made only one man, a cynical New York newspaper columnist, knows the whole story of Louis Scott.

Nicky knows that there were two Louis Scotts. One of them was the Nobel Prize winner, impeccable genius of the American theatre, who left behind him five million dollars, a supposedly immortal reputation, and a distinguished wife, who had been "his most enthusiastic admirer and ardent defender." The real Louis Scott Nicky had met years before as one Louis Scotosi, a miserable, thwarted little man who delivered milk to the inhabitants of a summer theatre hangout in the Catskills and who carried around with him a bundle of dog-eared manuscripts nobody was willing to read. His only other possession of any value was his love for his actress wife, who was willing to sleep with anyone except her insignificant husband and who was already taking the first steps toward chronic alcoholism.

"What the hell does he want for a nickel?" she used to ask. Scott slept in the living room of a broken-down farmhouse, with a mongrel dog at his feet. He started on his milk route at three in the morning and worked at the theatre, which had once been a barn, from noon until midnight. Between times he washed the dishes and

his beloved's underwear. Nicky, of course, became her lover, and in the process was regarded as Louis' best friend.

Mr. Munro's title, "The Gift of Glory," is obviously a cynical comment on fame among the artists. Once his wife departed from the scene after falling down the ladder of drink and prostitution there was nothing left of the little masochist but his outraged love and those tattered manuscripts. He had the good, or evil, fortune to fall into the hands of a large and greedy Park Avenue lady who was a patron of the arts and especially of the theatre. She grasped Louis Scott and his old plays in her tentacles and proceeded to make him famous. Between her efforts and the chicanery of a popular dramatic critic he was dressed up for official occasions like a mannequin; his past was neatly severed from him, and even his traitorous friend, Nicky, was kept out of his way. He was finally married to his succubus and died in an insane asylum.

This was the dismal truth of the life of this American rival to Shakespeare that the public was never to know. But the reader of this sardonic and occasionally brilliant novel may have a few questions to ask. Could this poor creature have conceivably written dramas that fooled so many audiences? Were the theatregoers in the Twenties so gullible, to say nothing of the men who awarded Nobel Prizes, that his few plays could be given international acclaim? It is difficult to interpret "The Gift of Glory" in any other way than as the story of a gigantic and impossible hoax in which the forces of dramatic criticism, publicity, and greed conspired to build a mountain out of a molehill. The plays themselves are described as "lengthy accounts of gruesomeness," and Nicky says at one time that nothing Scott ever wrote in dialogue could issue from the mouth of a human being.

At the same time Scott was reported to be a genius who made millions of dollars. There is a lack of balance in the book which destroys the effect of what might have been a dramatic and appealing novel about the genius who is defrauded of everything but his post-mortem fame. The fact is that the reader finds it difficult to believe in the dramatic talents of Louis Scott. He is never seen at work; all of his vitality, his heart and his love are on Mr. Munro's stage given to the girl who had married and then destroyed him. It is a bitter novel about a man who reveals none of the qualities of genius and about a reputation that never could have been acquired.

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Fiction Notes

THE INVISIBLE GLASS, by Loren Wahl. Greenberg. $2.75. This novel shows clearly that the cards can be stacked against a certain man. Chick Johnson, with two years of college behind him and several years of war, was managing to get along with difficulty in a quartermaster group in Italy, captained by a Southern white. The lieutenants were also white. Chick and the men were Negroes. In California he had been treated like any other man and even here he had an Italian girl, Anna, with whom he was very happy. But the new lieutenant, La Cava, who was a buddy of the captain's, from the first treated Chick decently. They both hailed from California and Chick was won over. It takes some time for Chick to realize that the lieutenant is "in love" with him. He hasn't the reader's knowledge of La Cava and Anna's brother, Angelo, to help him out.

Chick may be unstable, but he's not a patch on La Cava, who ends up by committing suicide, leaving poor Chick holding the bag. Chick hasn't a chance. The jealousies of homosexuality and the prejudice of a man like Captain Randall catch him in a net from which he can never hope to extricate himself. He gives up. It happens in the South, perhaps sometimes even in the North. It happens here in Italy. Packed with emotion, this is another story of man's inhumanity to man.

—JOHN COURNOS.

MOTHERING SUNDAY, by Noel Streatfeild. Coward-McCann. $3. "Mothering Sunday" is the English equivalent for "Mother's Day" but with an older tradition. It was the one day in the year on which in the wretched days of child labor all the working children went home with violets to give their mothers. The Caldwell family had always meant to maintain that tradition although they were never a working family and the members so carefully set forth here are modish, practical, intelligent, grown up, and all well-to-do. There was a black sheep in the family. But for other reasons within themselves they had drifted apart, the dominating sister Jane and her agreeable husband, the dowdy doctor, Margaret, the son Henry who had been knighted, and the others, and their children, all with their secret problems and unresolved unhappiness.

They had neglected their mother and would have gone on neglecting her if someone had not reported that she was behaving strangely. The discovery of her secret, its revelation through the chapters in which each member of the family is presented separately, has the suspense, almost, of a superior English detective story. Its working out resolves, almost too patly, all the other individual problems. But through the detailed method the people grow real. Their characters are soundly and clearly built. You believe in them. The story becomes the story of a real family.

It is curious that there is a quality here which suggests that rare and beautiful book of Virginia Woolf, "The Waves." If only the two could have been combined so that this one might have the spare, haunting beauty of Virginia Woolf's! And if "The Waves" could have something of the clarity and integrity of this book's character drawing, even a suggestion of its very real story, what a fine novel they would have made! To bracket the two in this sort of paragraph is at least a tribute to the fact that, in spite of its apparent faults—its wordiness, its long, monotonous paragraphs, its vocabulary compounded half of English and half of American—"Mothering Sunday" has an impact, a value, which is worth remembering.

—MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS.

THEY SOUGHT A COUNTRY, by Norman E. Nygaard. Longmans, Green. $2.50. This is the story of two Norwegian immigrants, sketching their lives from the departure of their families from their homeland in 1869 to the hour when the funeral sermon is said over the "two old men who rested side by side in identical caskets on the floor below the pulpit." The thirty-odd years in between are filled with far more happiness than sorrow. While Olaf Trygveson becomes a prosperous businessman, Torger Torgerson does not climb as high on the social ladder of the small Minnesota town where they have settled, but they nevertheless remain faithful to each other and share in each other's satisfactions and trials. Their children grow up as Americans, get an education, enter the professions, marry, and celebrate holidays. One of the girls gets herself into trouble before wedlock but the young fellow who really loves her puts things right for her again. Not before Torger is an old man does tragedy really intrude upon the families' good luck and content. His son George Abraham—born on the ship that brought the two clans to their new country—is put into jail for accepting bribes as a county attorney. He kills himself before the very eyes of his father. Mr. Nygaard, the author of this simple little book, must be a happy man. His writing is rather unconvincing whenever it touches on the darker sides of human existence. He loves to see his characters happy and he knows well how to convince the reader of man's talent for happiness. —ROBERT PICK.

RAW MATERIALS

(*Continued from page* 10)

inal discovery of some unknown continent in the realm of thought, so that I regard myself, for the time, as an intellectual Columbus ready to astonish the world with my impending revelation. But when I undertake for the benefit of mankind to put my thought on paper I find that I have inexplicably lost such ability as I ever had to express myself clearly, simply, and with conviction. Persist as I may, I cannot find words that do not fall to fighting with one another, leaving my fine idea a mutilated corpse. I am defeated in every attempt even to write simple declarative sentences. The harmonies of language are no longer at my command although on other occasions I have commanded them with little effort. At last, perhaps after weeks of trouble, I discover where the difficulty lies: the idea itself is unsound. Once I have corrected it, if correction is possible, there is no further impediment to my writing.

I recount this common experience not only to show how inseparable style and content are but to illustrate the discipline that language imposes on thought. If I did not attempt to subject my idea to words I might remain in the original error. The ultimate test that you can apply to the validity of your thoughts is to express them and only in the process of expression is their development possible. That is why most of us feel the need to talk over an idea with others before we act on it, even though the others may be expected to do no more than listen. By this process of exposition our ideas are corrected and enlarged.

Take any example of distinguished style, examine it, and see whether the basis of the distinction is not the quality of the thought. "The dog jumped over the hedge" is perfect style within the limitations of its content, but it is not memorable. If a man has a witty style is it not because he has wit?

When I say that your success as a man depends in large measure on your command of language I have in mind more than the effectiveness with which you express yourself.

Innumerable schools pretend to teach the art of writing. I think what they actually teach, though it may have value, is something else; they teach rules that have been discovered by examination of the work of good writers. These rules in all likelihood were not in the minds of the writers who produced the work and as such made no contribution. I recently found a passage I had written ana-

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lyzed in a textbook for students of composition. The analysis surprised me since I know less than I should about the rules of writing, but I had no fault to find with it. It was followed by a quiz containing questions on my passage to be answered by the students. I am not sure I would have passed that quiz, although it was entirely in terms of "what the author was trying to achieve." I mention this experience not to discredit the textbook but to show that what it taught was the analysis of writing rather than the art of writing, and the rules which are the product of analysis come after rather than before.

The only way I know to learn how to write is to read the best writing the language offers and to read it incessantly, day in, day out, over the years, perhaps memorizing the best examples, until its subtlest harmonies, its logic and its rhythms have become a part of your inner being, until you could write nothing yourself that did not reflect them. If you should spend a week reading sonnets the chances are that at the end of it your thoughts would be arranging themselves of their own accord in the form of sonnets; but learning the rules of sonneteering would have no such effect. Read Stevenson, Kipling, Shakespeare, Conrad, Melville, Gibbon, Macaulay, Santayana, Churchill, Thomas Browne, Donne, Muir, Thoreau, Emerson, and Lincoln until the patterns of their thought (their language, if you will) become the patterns of your own mind.

Of course, that leads initially to imitation, which is a good thing initially. When I was ir high school the one quality expected of every writer, however immature, was originality. A fourteen-year-old boy, in his first attempts at writing, felt that he must disassociate himself from any tradition and write as if he were founding a new school of literature. What he wrote would be damned if it gave anyone an excuse to say it was "derivative." The greatest praise he could hope to receive would be for "blazing new trails." One result of this fashion was a sad uniformity in the originality of the writers who catered to it, a conventional unconventionality. Another was that, since the great tradition of English literature could make no open contribution, the writers had to start from barbarism. (Some of them, in fact, conceived themselves to be akin to African savages and looked for their inspiration in what they believed was the music of tom-toms.)

I would not be afraid in the early stages of imitating what was good. If by imitating Conrad you can achieve

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SHIPS IN LITERATURE

Robert E. Lees, of Ontario, Ore., invites you to match up these literary ships with the authors who created them and the works in which they appeared. Allowing two points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 48.

1. *Altair*	( ) Churchill	( ) "An Iceland Fisherman"
2. *Antelope*	( ) Conrad	( ) "Bab Ballads"
3. *Black Moll*	( ) Cooper	( ) "Captains Courageous"
4. *Cautious Clara*	( ) Dana	( ) "Command"
5. *Clorinda*	( ) Dickens	( ) "Count of Monte Cristo"
6. *Cotton Blossom*	( ) Dumas	( ) "Dombey and Son"
7. *Dolphin*	( ) Ferber	( ) "Enoch Arden"
8. *Flying Dutchman*	( ) Gilbert	( ) "Gallions Reach"
9. *Ghost*	( ) Hay	( ) "Gulliver's Travels"
10. *Glencairn*	( ) Heggen	( ) "Innocent Voyage"
11. *Good Fortune*	( ) Hughes	( ) "Jim Bludso"
12. *Hispaniola*	( ) Kingsley	( ) "Long Voyage Home"
13. *Hot Cross Bun*	( ) Kipling	( ) "Lord Jim"
14. *Marie*	( ) London	( ) "Mr. Roberts"
15. *Pathfinder*	( ) Loti	( ) "Moby Dick"
16. *Patua*	( ) McFee	( ) "Richard Carvell"
17. *Pequod*	( ) Marryat	( ) "Roderick Random"
18. *Pharaon*	( ) Masefield	( ) "Sard Harker"
19. *Pilgrim*	( ) Melville	( ) "Sea Wolf"
20. *Prairie Belle*	( ) O'Neill	( ) "Show Boat"
21. *Reluctant*	( ) Smollett	( ) "The Phantom Ship"
22. *Rose*	( ) Stevenson	( ) "The Red Rover"
23. *Tanganyika*	( ) Swift	( ) "Treasure Island"
24. *Thunder*	( ) Tennyson	( ) "Two Years Before the Mast"
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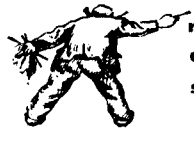

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some of Conrad's mastery and by imitating Macaulay you can achieve some of his, and so with the others, you will surely achieve some mastery of your own in time. I repeat that the process of learning is primarily imitation. The precepts of teachers and textbooks serve some purpose and should not be disregarded, but their purpose is secondary.

ALL men who have dreamed at all have dreamed that they possessed some magic formula, an "Open sesame!" that bound the world to their wishes. Command of language is the nearest thing we have to "Open sesame!" in real life. We contrast the power of words with the power of the sword, and even Napoleon depended more on words than he ever did on a sword. All power is first of all the power of words. If you seek power for its own sake you will use words without regard for truth because they serve your ambition directly. You may cry "democracy" out loud, you may brandish "a higher standard of living," and with "spiritual values" you may put the opposition to rout. If truth is your object, as I assume, you will not make it prevail, even as a grain of sand prevails against the sea, except by the power of words. "In the beginning was the Word," according to John, and when God visited the earth in the form of his Son "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." What, indeed, is Christ to mankind except certain words, His and those of His disciples?

I do not suggest that you learn how to write well in order that you may be a professional writer but in order that you may in all your dealings with the world have the command of language, written and spoken, that is the most effective of all means for meeting its challenge.

Reading, like writing, is a faculty common to all who have an elementary education, but as there is an art of writing so there is an art of reading. A photograph literally recreates an image but the black marks on white paper serve only to prompt the reader, who must create the image for himself in his imagination. Active creation is required of him as of the writer, not passive reception. Except to the extent that the prompting of words already set down relieves him, his mind and imagination must be as capable as those of the writer. To read Shakespeare he must become Shakespeare.

You learn to read, as you learn to write, by reading. Since the enlargement of your mind to match those of the great writers is your object, what you read must stretch your mind. It should be, as we say, over your head. This is at variance with the principle on which the "progressive education" of our day is based, which is that the environment should be adapted to the child's understanding. The books that the child of eight is given to read should be limited in their vocabulary to that of an eight-year-old child. It is assumed that what requires application and effort or what cannot be fully grasped at first try frustrates the educational process. I hold, on the contrary, with those who believe that the reward of good reading is in some degree commensurate with the effort it demands. The incandescence of the mind is produced by its resistance to the current of thought, which should be somewhat too great for it. A tennis player improves his game only by playing against better players.

If you read Homer at the age of twelve, though you have only a glimmering apprehension of its poetry, it will contribute to the formation of your mind and the furniture of your inner life. You may not fully grasp the meaning when you read of "the Ethiopians that are sundered in twain, the uttermost of men, abiding some where Hyperion sinks and some where he rises," but the harmonies of language and thought may remain in the recesses of your mind, nourishing it and illuminating the further experience it receives. You will recognize the Ethiopians when you come upon them again in other contexts and the suffering of Odysseus will become a symbol of human life, enriching your own experience of it. You will undergo, by so much, an enlargement of your mind which makes it more capable of responding to personal experience and literature alike. In time you will find less effort and more enjoyment in reading Homer; familiarity will breed affection.

Read Whitehead's and Russell's "Principia Mathematica," if the subject interests you, even though you understand little of it. You will acquire some command of a new language, learn a new vocabulary, and understand more as you progress. You need not put the book down because at first you fail to make sense of it. If you never fully grasp its meaning it may still enable you to read with ease works that, while of an easier order, would give you difficulty otherwise. Your mind will not become spacious on what is fitted to it. Do not be discouraged by your initial difficulty, since your initial difficulty is the greatest.

I firmly believe that man aspires to higher levels of being. Born in the mire, he reaches for the stars, toward which he may make some progress. I have emphasized the inner life because it realizes higher levels of being than the life of the streets and, by a sort of gravitational attraction, tends

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to lift the life of the streets to its own level. It is the only road of human progress. The whole value of literature is in the fact that it represents life at a higher level than we live it in the world of actuality. In our daily intercourse we speak lamely, groping for words that, found, prove inadequate, leaving sentences half-finished and thoughts half-shaped, patching the poverty of our speech with grunts and gestures. We speak a great deal of nonsense, and if we could read over what we said we would be ashamed. The characters in Shakespeare, however, utter poetry and wisdom in conversation, as if it poured from them without any effort of composition. In their wit, their tact, their philosophy, and all the vehemence of their passions, they rise spontaneously to whatever eloquence the occasion demands. Cleopatra is not at a loss to describe the pleasure that Antony took in living: "His delights were dolphin-like, they show'd his back above the elements they liv'd in." Antony, over murdered Caesar's corpse, prophesies that "Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge, with Ate by his side come hot from hell, shall in these confines with a monarch's voice cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war." Falstaff's wit is always ready to take the wind out of such ridicule as his fatness invites. "A plague of sighing and grief!" he says. "It blows a man up like a bladder." In the gracefulness of common courtesy these people are perfect without effort. "Beggar that I am," says Hamlet, "I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you . . ."

I have illustrated my point with speech only, but the distinctive feature of literature and art in all their aspects is the exalted level at which they represent life. Since the higher standpoint gives the larger view, literature and art, by lifting us up, invest our own lives with the meaning that makes them worth living. In them we anticipate the progress of mankind.

We commonly regard language as the means by which thought and knowledge are revealed. Since its use is rarely altogether honest, however, its practical purpose generally involves concealment. "I don't know" is the honest answer to many questions, but you may be averse to giving it where you have no good excuse for not knowing. We all learn deception at an early stage and develop our linguistic ingenuity in its practice. A common device, well exemplified in the journalism and topical literature of the day, is to make your best guess and assert it as fact. Those who have the least confidence are generally the most reluctant to betray their ignorance and therefore express themselves the most positively.

We all have the impulse not only to conceal ignorance but to impress others with our knowledge and intellectual capacity. Young writers especially, because they are unregarded, tend to use language as an instrument for such display rather than as a device for the communication of their own thought. A brilliant screen of language, abstruse and high-flown, may serve such a purpose though it obscures truth. Tokens of erudition, real or pretended, are woven into it unnecessarily; brilliance is imposed upon it. The young writer's aim may be to overpower the reader with linguistic eloquence, with sonorous adjectives and magniloquent rhetoric, for he has not learned that eloquence resides in the content of the mind and is more fully expressed where the language is transparent. Any straining for effect, which makes art manifest, spoils the effect of art. "The illimitable and immeasurable void" is not as spacious as "the void"; infinity shrinks when you stretch it. Although his early effort may be serviceable in a writer's training, he improves his powers as, with increasing maturity, he learns to relax. The tenor's high note is most impressive when it seems that he could easily go beyond it.

Pretentious language that conceals poverty of content is especially common among scientists and scholars, who use a special professional jargon to evade the discipline of plain language. I have, on occasion, painstakingly translated papers in learned journals into English as I read them, only to discover that their content, nakedly rendered, turned out commonplace or fatuous. The artificial difficulty of the language, however, gave an illusion of intellectual profundity. It takes a child to point out that "societal behaviorism" means "social behavior," that to "fixate" one's eyes on an object is to "stare" at it.

Every profession and every field of learning develops its own ponderous jargon to impress and exclude outsiders and to give those who have been initiated into it the sense of constituting an elite. That is one reason why doctors write their prescriptions in Latin and cherish the complexity of their terms. The jargon of the law increases the fees a lawyer collects, since the client might think he could write his own will if it were to be written in common English. In government we have also developed our own jargon, so that we "implement directives" but never "carry out instructions." A businessman once told me when I suggested he delete "You are advised that" from a letter he was writing that its omission would make him appear unprofessional.

The impulse to conform to established pretenses governs most of us. The

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young graduate student is as eager to acquire the jargon of his chosen field and to show himself in it as he is to achieve truth. Note, however, the difference between his language and that of the masters in his field. The solitary and distinguished minds, those that extend the boundaries of understanding, express themselves in English. It is no coincidence that literary distinction goes with outstanding achievement in every field of thought and action. I dare say most young government officials would in their professional work reject the language of the Gettysburg Address because it would make them appear unprofessional. For "conceived in liberty" they would say: "established in accordance with the basic premises of fundamental human rights and freedoms." The difference between the simple speech of the great and the jargons of the many reflects the fact that if a man has something to say his entire purpose will be to say it as plainly as he can, while he will hide the nakedness of false or commonplace thought from himself as from others under accepted technical phrases. No wonder so many of us distinguish style from content and find it unworthy. Wherever the distinction can be made you may be sure the style has for its purpose the concealment of intellectual poverty and must, therefore, be bad.

Louis J. Halle, Jr., who is associated with the Department of State, is author of several books, including "Spring in Washington" and "Birds Against Men." This essay is drawn from his book "On Facing the World," which will be published March 27 by William Sloane Associates.

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MEET THE M. C.

(*Continued from page 20*)

to supply the necessary lubrication or keep the invisible listener at a receptive temperature, these musical intrusions are calculated to parallel or even mold audience reaction, the inference being, I presume, that the human voice has less emotional impact than mechanical sounds. These instrumental trimmings used as shock absorbers are distinct from the routine sound effects by which you are enabled to hear paper tearing, water dripping, or a car going up hill in first. They are an integral part of radio dramas, soap operas if you prefer, and the more actual seconds they tick off in the course of a program that much less time is available to the tireless m.c.

Between the m.c., the announcer, and the music it is a wonder that the forgotten man of radio, the actor, is ever able to get anything across. To discover the occasional straight dramatic program where these divertissements are reduced to a minimum is almost as hard as finding your seat in the theatre when the lights have gone down. The exceptions are heartening.

ALTHOUGH the composer is meticulously given credit for his compositions, oddly enough, they seem to have associative echoes of such familiar numbers as "Three Blind Mice," "Kitten on the Keys," and Siegfried's "Rhine Journey." Listening to these tantalizing snatches and strains of "original music," you keep asking yourself: "What is this anyway?" There also seems to be something irresistible to the practitioners about the "Beer Barrel Polka," "Tenting Tonight," and the pulsing "Bolero" of Ravel. Likewise "Finlandia" and "Old Nassau" and Handel's lugubrious "Largo." Soon it will be the "Triumphal March" from "Aida," with the elephants thrown in.

At any rate, for every dramatic incident there must be an appropriate orchestral refrain for fear the listening audience, failing to get the import of the spoken word, will emote improperly—or not at all. Whereas in the theatre or at the movies you can look as well as listen and react to what you see and hear, radio assumes that a few lost or misplaced chords, or clashing cymbals, will enable you to "televise" correctly, and with the calculated reaction.

It is not enough to learn, in the course of a radio drama, that the bank robber has shot the cop, that Evangeline has come home to Enoch Arden, or that your mother-in-law has fallen out of the window. Each event must be "interpreted" musically as well, through a weird sequence of abbreviated fragments, phrases, figures, runs, trills, and crescendos, melodic, harmonic, or dissonant as the occasion would seem to demand. Shakespeare with his "flourishes" and "alarums" isn't in it! One set of sounds accompanies "Heidi" struggling up the Alps; another, a cat stalking a bluebird; a third, Daniel being thrown to the lions, although the listener would doubtless be none the wiser were they transposed. Should this technique unhappily be applied to the theatre, Hamlet could not even soliloquize without stopping a dozen times while the orchestra told the audience what he was trying to say. Legitimate actors still have the breaks; the radio actor is getting so he doesn't dare open his mouth for fear of finding a trombone in it. The principles on which these selections are made remain strictly a trade secret and so far none of the pollsters has been able to determine whether A's aural reflexes are the same as B's or to what extent the effect anticipated by the Studio is actually achieved.

This might be a good job for the m.c. to undertake when he finds time beginning to hang heavy on his hands. One more "nationwide survey" is just what this country needs.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 351

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 351 will be found in the next issue.

CD CG BLGA DH

EHKMBOK PCDR L SLXTR.

WXZBKLS —GLDCVBG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 350

Talent is that which is in a man's power; Genius is that in whose power a man is.
—JAMES R. LOWELL.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
THE LP REVOLUTION—OUT-OF-THE-WAY MUSIC		
SCHOENBERG: SERENADE, OP. 24 (1923). Instrumental septet and baritone, Dimitri Mitropoulos. Esoteric LP: 501	A beautifully clean, modern, wide-range recording with excellent transients, good balance, and perspective. Mandolin and guitar particularly nice—they color the whole. Mitropoulos did special job on this for Esoteric.	The typical 1920's tone color—with rakish mandolin and guitar — makes this historic first twelve-tone work remarkably listenable, twelve tones or no! Scored for clarinet, bass cl., mandolin, guitar, violin, viola, cello, and baritone.
RECITAL OF NEW MUSIC (Tcherepnine, Perle, Weber, Cowell, Gideon, Webern). Seymour Barab, cello, Wm. Masselos, piano. Paradox LP: 10001 (10")	Good recording, wide range; a few overloaded spots. Upper range apparently not much pre-emphasized. Acoustics a bit on muffled side, cello and piano tone good.	Considerable range of interesting material, in restricted medium, good proportion of typically short twelve-tone works, a kind seldom previously recorded. Obtrusive annotations are accurate but forbidding; we could be wooed more effectively!
BORODIN: QUARTET #2. GLAZOUNOV-LIADOV - RIMSKY - KORSAKOV: "JOUR DE FETE." Galimir Quartet. Period LP: SPLP 505	One is black plastic, the other ruby—perhaps recorded same time, processed by diff. firms. Both are fine modern recordings probably from tape, brilliant, close-up (a bit uncomfortably so). Borodin seems broader, with less treble pre-emphasis. Haydn has sharp, boosted highs à la Columbia (use tone control). This sort of recording can match any by big companies—a far cry from pre-LP days.	A welcome to the noted Galimir Quartet. Present group is Romantic-slanted apparently; the Borodin is a most responsive, alive performance whereas the Haydn is proficient but on superficial side, not entirely sympathetic. The Borodin music is delightful—shows his real stature; superbly melodic à la "Polovetsian Dances." "Jour de Fête" is a composite work, in then popular fashion, full of Russian folksong idiom.
HAYDN: QUARTETS OP. 76, #3 IN C ("EMPEROR"); OP 76, #2 IN D MINOR ("QUINTEN"). Galimir Quartet. Period LP: SPLP 504		
BEETHOVEN: QUINTET IN E FLAT, OP. 16, FOR PIANO AND WOODWINDS; 32 VARIATIONS IN C MINOR. Orazio Frugoni, pianist, Woodwind quartet. *Polydor-Vox* LP: PLP 6040	Another thoroughly modern job, with good tonal range an almost too-spacious liveness (instruments a bit distant). Nice woodwind sound. The solo piano in the "32 Variations" is stunning—percussive, but *undistorted, an unusually fine* sound.	A good playing of one of best early-B. occasional pieces, gay, clever, more profound than it may seem. Much like the better known Septet, Op. 20. Frugoni's solo "Variations" are impressive.
SCHUBERT: SYMPHONY #1 IN D. Winterthur Symphony, H. Swoboda. Concert Hall LP: CHC 23 (Unlimited ed.)	Recording a bit thin, lacking in bass; otherwise good. Newly done, on tape, with good highs, liveness. Last movement inferior to rest.	At last, the Schubert symphonies all recorded! This one, written age sixteen, easily matches better known #4, #5. Last movement sloppily played.
BACH: CLAVIERUEBUNG, Pt. 1—PARTITAS IN B FLAT, C MINOR. Rosalyn Tureck, piano. Allegro LP: AL 18	Quiet, close-to, steady piano, percussives well managed. Slightly wooden tone. (Allegro has many other excellent LP's, does not send them to this department.)	First of projected series. Tureck is a fine Bach pianist—good compromise betw. piano needs and Bach's original (harpsichord) intentions. Very musical, "good ear" playing; recommended.
BACH: "MUSICAL OFFERING" — TRIO-SONATA, CANON PERPETUUM. A. Jaunet, flute, R. Baumgartner, vl., H. Andreae, harpsichord. Elite LP: EL 503 (10")	From (quite old?) Swiss recordings; noticeable hiss, highs absent. Good balance and liveness; listening is easy, though this is not up-to-date technically. Poor patching.	A welcome reissue of important Bach music seldom heard in this form: two sections of Bach's "Offering" on the supposed theme of Frederick the Great. Nicely played. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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FLOWERY TALK

THE ladies of the garden club will please come to order while we give you a lineup of the spring tours through the blooming Southland. You can't tell an ericaceous genus rhododendron without a score card.

It has become something of a Confederate custom of recent springs not only to attract visitors with magnificent garden displays, but also to open some of the South's famous old homes. The house-and-garden people of Charleston, Virginia, and Maryland have banded together, Socialist style, to form a cooperative organization for the furtherance of house-and-garden visiting in the springtime. Collectively they will throw open some 400 homes along the East Coast during the weeks when the gardens are at the height of their bloom.

Charleston, which Rand McNally insists is in South Carolina, will open twenty-one of its historic houses on March 20 for a twenty-five day run. The city's famous gardens are expected to cooperate by blooming during those very weeks. Houses to be opened to the public include the residence of early Indian traders, the home of the first British consul to Charleston, the estates of New Englanders who found fortune south of the Boston Commons, and the homes of several ladies who planted indigo and rice on their plantations when times were tough. Among the manses on display will be Mrs. Jane Wightman's house, built in Greek Revival style and remodeled for her residence by Josephine Pinckney. It contains many of the furnishings from the two family plantations, El Dorado and Fairfield. Then there is Mrs. William Heyward's house, dating from 1789, built with big rice money, and now owned by Augustine Smythe; Ashley Hall, now a school for Southern belles, but built originally by Patrick Duncan who made a fortune as a tallow-chandler. Oh, the fields of endeavor that were open to an enterprising young man in the old days.

Morning and afternoon tours have been planned, and between times outlanders who never get a chance to see anything more horticultural than a sprouting onion can take in the twenty-five acres of Magnolia Gardens, which have tall azaleas, camellia japonicas, crepe myrtle, tree-climbing roses, wisteria, and moss-hung cypress; the forty-five acres of garden at Middleton Place, which also has a sixteen-acre lawn, and the Alphabet Avenue of Trees at Runnymede Plantation, which, as you might suspect, grows trees from A to Z. The famous terraces of Middleton Gardens were built by 100 slaves who worked for ten years. The first camellias grown in America were planted here. A Baedeker guidebook issued before the Civil War was also singularly impressed by Charleston's flower show. Three sights were given the three asterisks of Baedeker-talk, meaning they were "musts": Niagara Falls, Grand Canyon, and Magnolia Gardens. Cypress Gardens is threaded with lagoons, and since you can see these gardens sitting down you might save them until last, when your arches are near collapse. Cypress and Middleton have tea rooms. A combination ticket to all three gardens will set you back five dollars.

Historic Garden Week in Virginia, a function which has been functioning for twenty years under the sponsorship of the state's Garden Club falls the last week of April. Green arrows nailed to convenient telegraph poles all over the state will direct visitors to the blooms, and twenty-five information centers in hotels and chamber-of-commerce offices will give you the lowdown on the local gardens from azalea to zinnia. Proceeds from the admission fees are used by the club to support needy gardens all over the state. Last year's profit went to the University of Virginia to spruce up the gardens originally planned by Thomas Jefferson. Well, the Garden Club isn't the only outfit trying to restore the Jeffersonian ideal.

Most of the historic estates are in Tidewater, Virginia, which is to say along the James, York, and Rappahannock rivers, but there are gardens, too, among the Colonial buildings of the Williamsburg settlement south of Washington. While we're on the subject of the commonwealth we should doubtless pass along the intelligence that a number of seven-day tours throughout Virginia are planned for the spring by the American Express Company. The trips depart from New York every Saturday beginning March 25 via the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Switching to a steamer for the sail down the Chesapeake, the tour takes in Virginia Beach, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Monticello, Washington, and Mount Vernon. One hundred and forty-nine dollars plus 15-per-cent tax will get you aboard.

MARYLAND'S thirteenth annual garden party will begin at the end of April and run through the first week of May. Among the homes to be opened is the 550-acre combination farm and estate known as "Hayfields," which was a favorite of Lafayette's. It is owned by Major-General John Merryman Franklin, a descendant of the original owner, Colonel Nicholas Merryman Bosley, who laid out the house in 1780 by drawing the outlines on the ground with his cane.

Garden tourists can start in the Deep South and actually follow the spring as it moves north. The Natchez Pilgrimage in the lower Mississippi, already on, is scheduled to run into April. There are six morning and afternoon tours through some thirty antebellum mansions, many of them built during the boom cotton days of a century ago when eleven of the nation's seventy-five millionaires lived in Natchez. While you're in rebel territory you might also have a look at Alabama's Bellingrath Gardens, which I'm advised has 100 acres loaded with 75,000 azalea bushes ranging

The Garden Guide

Natchez Pilgrimage	March 4 - April 2
Charleston's Historic Houses and Gardens	March 20 - April 15
Virginia Garden Week	April 22 - April 29
Maryland House and Garden Pilgrimage	April 28 - May 9
Bellingrath Gardens (Ala.)	Open all year

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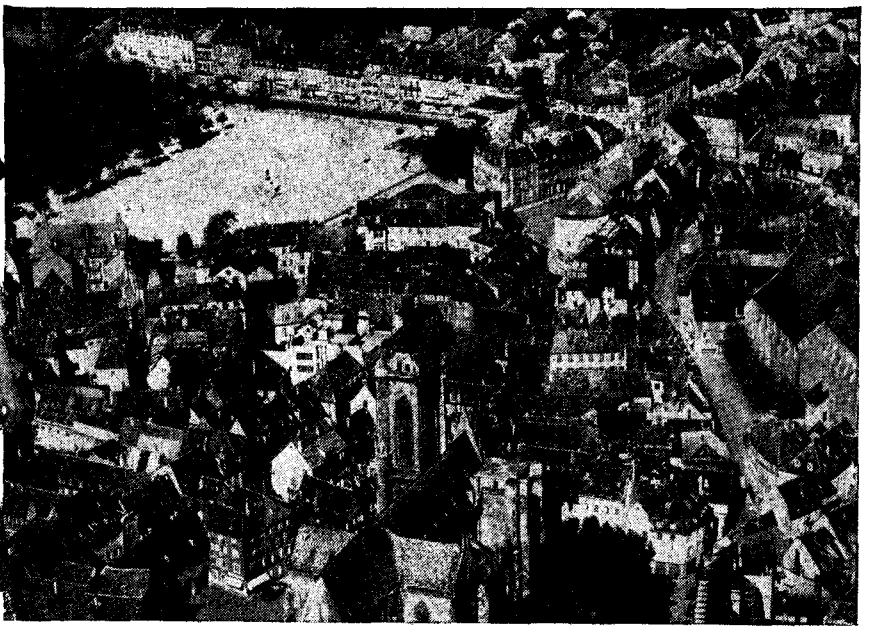
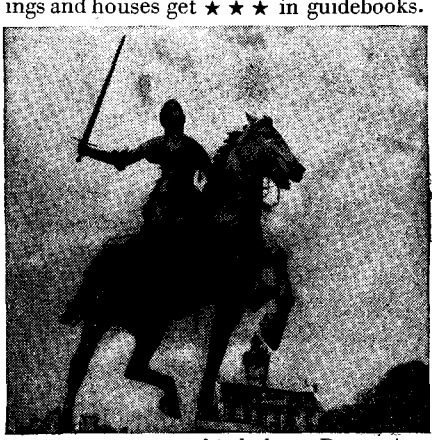
ALSATIAN COSTUMES



52 CHURCHES and abbeys has Colmar, Alsatian city on the Rhine, which has been called "the smile of Alsace." Gay with flowers, every house has its own history.

ALSACE and LORRAINE: part of FRANCE

ON THE BYWAYS: Riquewihr, fascinating old Alsatian village, whose ancient buildings and houses get ★ ★ ★ in guidebooks.



JOAN OF ARC'S birthplace, Domremy, where she saw the visions. From nearby Vaucouleurs she rode forth into history.

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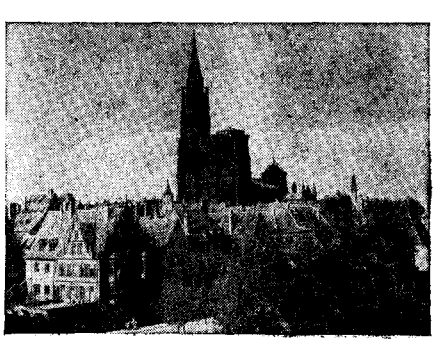
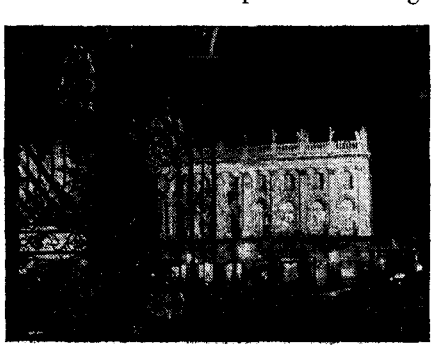


"PINK CATHEDRAL", Strasbourg's gothic church glows in the sunlight. Astronomical clock's symbols enact biblical scenes.



NANCY, Lorraine's ancient capital, whose architecture shows early Polish influence. Starting point for Verdun and Vosges trips.

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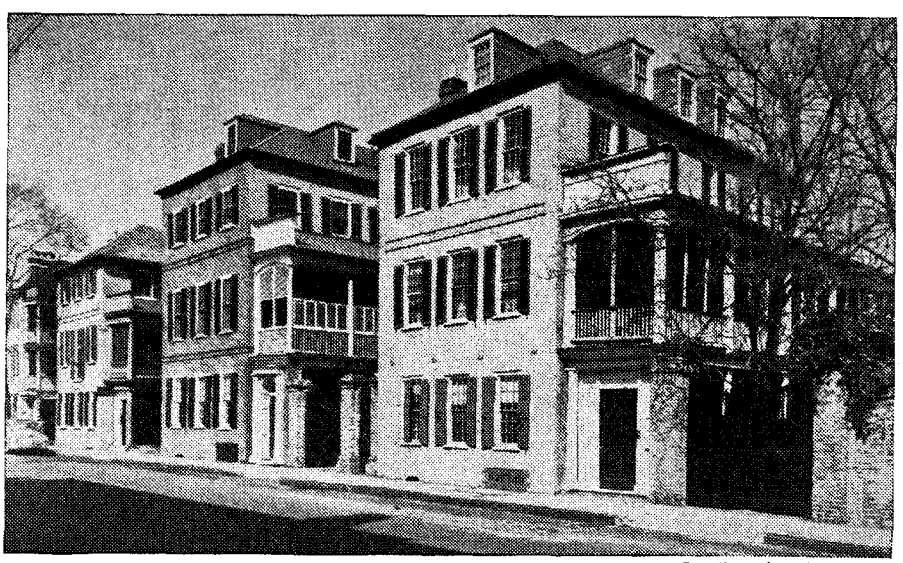
Springing

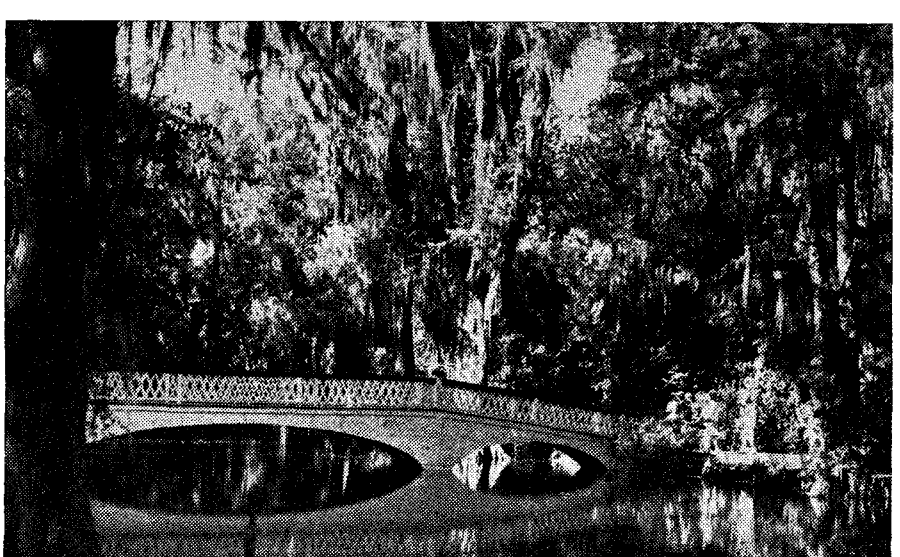
—*Philip Gendreau.*

Nutt's Folly in Natchez—an octagonal disappointment left unfinished by Dr. Haller Nutt when his workmen quit to join the Confederate Army.



—*Carolina Art Association.*

Charleston's historic houses — built by tallow-chandlers, rice moguls, and early Indian traders, cast a cold shoulder on the street.



—*Philip Gendreau.*

Drooping Magnolia Gardens in Charleston—part of "the blooming Southland" which attracts the house-and-garden set every springtime.

root to blossom, from twelve to fifteen feet high.

If you live in the East the AAA has planned a whole circle tour of the garden country encompassing no less than 3,149 miles. Allowing time for sniffing and sighing, the AAA says you can easily drive the whole distance in two weeks. To those for whom flower-smelling leads only to rose fever this department wishes to make it clear that the skiing in Canada is better than it has been all winter.

—Horace Sutton.

TRAVELERS' TALES

THREE WORLDS OF PERU, by Frances Toor. Crown. $3.50. The three worlds in question are Peru's coastal region, its mountains, and its jungle. All three have been traipsed by Frances Toor, hitherto a folklorist on Latin life, particularly Mexico. She took a year to research the mores of the Peruvians, which are reported here in detail, using her personal journey as a framework for the exposition. Traveling on roads carved 17,000 feet in the mountains, flying on planes that had to fly 20,000 feet to clear the peaks, Miss Toor ferreted out all manner of incidental intelligence. Peregrinators to Peru should be warned not to eat figs that grow on the tree where Pizarro was assasinated. It's bad luck. On Ash Wednesday it is local custom to eat the tongue of a ceremonial condor while it is still warm. It's a sure cure for *cota-corral*, whatever that is. A fat signature of some seventy-three photographs are in the *National Geographic* technique; the appendix includes a calendar of fiestas.

NORWEGIAN HOLIDAY, by Harlan Major. Funk & Wagnalls. $3.50. One of the handsomest travel books of the year, it is the most thorough individual work on Norway published since the war. There is no doubt that Harlan Major likes Norway and his unflagging enthusiasm eventually becomes too monotonous a diet. He is even optimistic about eating whale liver and he can find the sunny side of rainy Bergen, where they say a man without an umbrella is a sight to frighten the local horses. Part of Major's trip—3,000 miles of it—was made in an old U.S. Army command car, a doughty vehicle which took him deeper into the countryside than most travel writers ever venture. On the other hand, there is enough on such urbane subjects as the royal family and the famous Vigeland figures in

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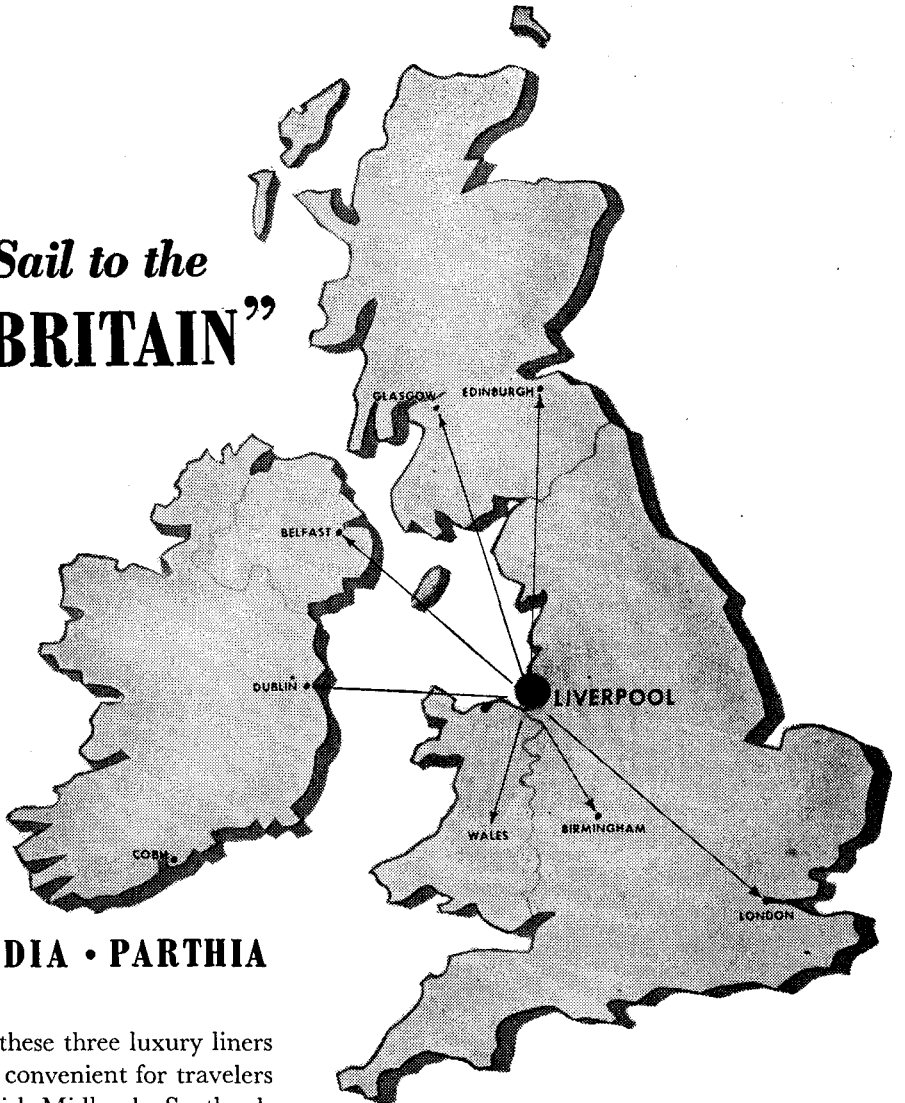

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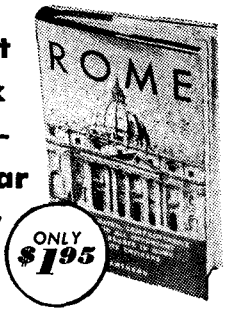

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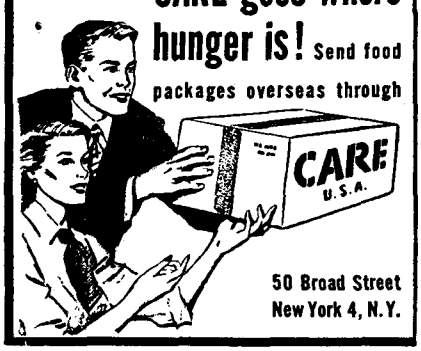

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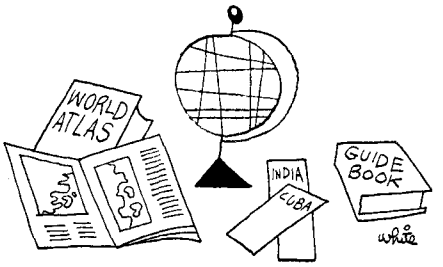
Frogner Park to strike a satisfactory balance. A list of local hotels and a short course in basic vocabulary, both recorded in the back of the book, should deliver you from hunger and exposure if your Norse is a little rusty.

FRANCE: Guide Bleu, edited by G. R. Martineau, revised by Georges Monmarche, Gilbert Houlet, and Jacques Legros. Crown. $6. The fact fancier's guide to France, compiled for those who own a magnifying glass and enjoy reading the "World Almanac." Not a book to read for pleasure, this latest "Guide Bleu" is the most up-to-date, most complete work on France in the encyclopedia-guidebook category. For each important city there is a nugget of history, a list of hotels, restaurants, and local specialties, and a hand-led tour through the town. The danger is that the scheme requires a floor-by-floor, piece-by-piece tour of the Museum of Old Nice, when a salon-by-salon tour of Nice's casinos is more appropriately called for. Nonetheless, this is your guidebook if you care to know that the Arc de Triomphe (two stars) is open "daily except Tuesday, 10-4 or 5; on foot 272 steps, lift."

OUR EASTERN PLAYGROUNDS, by Anthony F. Merrill. Whittlesey House. $3.75. A straight-faced guide to the state and national parks in sixteen of the Eastern states from Maine to Florida. All told, there are some 600 "vacation entities," as Mr. Merrill prefers to call them, including Purgatory Chasm Reservation (Massachusetts) and Hungry Mother State Park (Virginia). Massachusetts, which hangs titles on its state parks the way Kentucky hangs colonelcies on politicians, has named one state forest for the DAR and another for the Federation of Women's Clubs. That's its name—Federation of Women's Clubs State Park. Each entry gives the location of the reservation and the facilities available thereat. The parks are further identified on sixteen separate state maps, but although the guide is principally for the motorist, the map-maker has not seen fit to draw in the roads.

THE WHITE HOUSE, Home of Presidents, by Randle Bond Truett. Hastings House. $2.75. Eighty-five illustrations of The House stretching from a floor plan sketched in 1803 to a photo of Blair House, the current Truman domicile. There are the usual views, a number of close-ups of White House bric-a-brac passed down through the years, a photo of the piano Steinway gave the nation (it stands on gilded eagles), and a picture record of chinaware, the kitchen, and the swimming pool. The short text digs back into the records of the early furniture-buying missions, including one Monroe sent to France, which describes the "great difficulty in getting chimney clocks without nudities." The report of how White House rooms used to be decorated is going to make some of the more fragile decorators bilious in the reading.



ISRAEL DIARY, by Bernard M. Bloomfield. Crown. $2.50. Letters of a Canadian traveler in Israel to his wife, expanded into a book. No professional writer, Mr. Bloomfield's diary often becomes entangled in personal asides and ramblings that might well have been edited out. Otherwise his entries form a first-hand picture of life in Israel, laced with a number of stories about the Arab war and the life under the British, on whom the author lavishes no love. Tourists will be interested to know that gasoline, which the Israelis call "benzine," costs 80¢ a gallon, cheap shoes are $12 a pair, the taxis have no meters, and the drivers are often lawyers and doctors. After the European custom, the hotels pad the bills with "extras," known locally as "plus plusses," but things are no worse than they are in Rome, where the author once had to pay an 18 per-cent service charge, a heating charge, city surtax, and 100 lire for "unemployment." —H. S.

EUROPE ON A SHOESTRING

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AMERICANA

(Continued from page 16)

Cleveland. Most of the earth-shaking events are noted, if at all, only in passing, as one would expect in casual letters—but (and this also one would expect in casual letters) there is an abundance of the minutiae of everyday life: food, clothing, textbooks, orchard trees, horses, dogs, furniture, living costs, funerals, dances. The letters are remarkably free from the moralizing which bulks so heavily in much eighteenth-century correspondence; the Ridgleys believed in writing news. The book concludes with a selection of excellent views of the Ridgley house. The Anthoensen Press has done a characteristically fine job of bookmaking.

CALIFORNIA HERITAGE, by Oscar Lewis. Crowell. $5. Oscar Lewis, chronicler of numerous phases of the history and culture of his native state, was an excellent choice for the editorship of this collection of California pictures, which covers the period from 1769 (a date which corresponds to 1620 in the Massachusetts calendar) to 1880. The text, not too bulky to get in the way of the excellent illustrations, is a straightforward capsule history of California. The book will enlighten the stranger and perhaps even the resident, and it will entertain both.

THE CUSTER STORY: The Life and Intimate Letters of General George A. Custer and His Wife, Elizabeth, edited by Marguerite Merington. Devin-Adair. $5. When Elizabeth Custer died in 1933 (she had been widowed fifty-seven years before) she left behind her her carefully treasured correspondence with her soldier husband. Miss Merington, Mrs. Custer's literary executrix, has edited this and much related source material and tied the whole together with a thread of narrative which embraces the body of Custer's career from his birth on an Ohio farm to the final fury on the Little Big Horn. The letters provide a rare and unusual contribution to the basic data of America's military and social history—a wife's-eye view of war and soldiering, and a soldier's on-the-spot confidences to his wife. Of the Custers' intense devotion to each other there is no shadow of doubt, and this devotion sublimates an honesty and authenticity that makes the letters an accurate reflection of stirring and momentous times. Neither of the Custers was writing for posterity, and posterity becomes thereby the gainer. —J. T. W.

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SIGNS OF SPRING

THIS reviewer having enjoyed blossoming forsythia and Japanese quince in and around Washington late in January, is writing this on Manhattan Island late in February with the thermometer standing at ten above zero. The extraordinary weather, the New York water shortage, the coal strike, and the "brown-out" in Times Square have rather crowded consideration of the new books off the front page. But, in spite of freakish weather and labor troubles, the spring children's books are pouring in, fresh and challenging, well worthy of our serious consideration. Several good stories, both for the younger and the older boys and girls and two or three attractive picture books are outstanding so far. Planning ahead for the leisure reading in the long summer vacation should include books like "In Woods and Fields," reviewed below. It should include, too, good stories and factual books about animals—tame and wild. Some of these will be reviewed in the April number, when we hope to have reports of new arrivals in the Central Park and Bronx zoos. April, too, is the circus month in Manhattan. Weather notwithstanding, we will watch for exciting events in the animal kingdom and in the meantime follow with keen interest the parade of spring books that will reach its climax when the *New York Herald Tribune* awards are announced early in May. —MARY GOULD DAVIS.

WHO DREAMS OF CHEESE? By Leonard Weisgard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Unpaged.

This is the picture book that the spring of 1950 has been waiting for. Leonard Weisgard is a winner of the Caldecott Medal for his illustrations. In this book he is both artist and author. He tells a rhythmic tale of the dreams that come to a bird, a cat, a rabbit, a colt, a squirrel, a dog, a fish, and to little boys and girls and their fathers and mothers. He asks who dreams these dreams and answers the question each time in full-page drawings beautifully reproduced in soft, rich color. On the last double page he tells the children: "Today a bird finds a worm. A dog digs up a bone. A cat finds a fish. A squirrel's cheeks are full of nuts. A fox chases a partridge. A rabbit finds a girl. A pony finds a boy. A father smiles. A mother laughs. And at home, even now, a mouse is eating cheese." So all the dreams come true.

One longs, with no loss of time, to share this book with little children. What will they make of it? To us it is satisfying and beautiful.

ONE LITTLE INDIAN. By Grace and Carl Moon. Chicago: Albert Whitman & Co. No paging. $2.

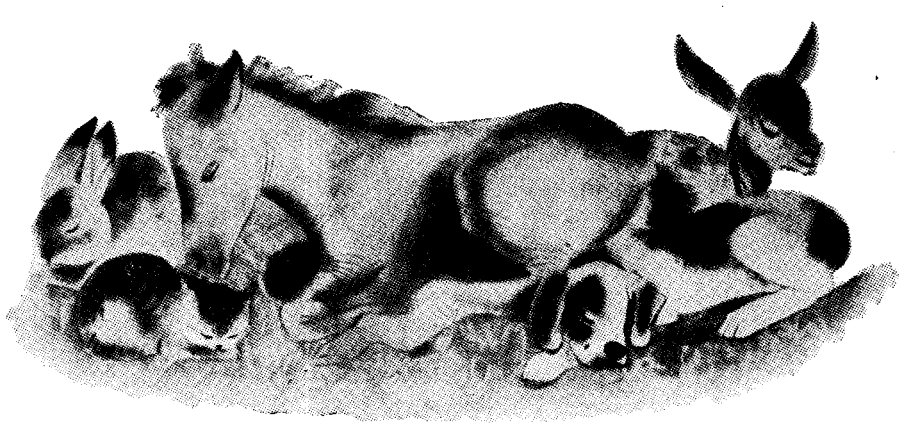
Since the Deming picture books and Maynard Dixon's "Injun Babies" there have been very few books about the Indians of America for little children. This story lacks the humor and vitality that little children like but it does give a word picture of a little Indian boy on his fourth birthday. The illustrations are excellent. We wish that color had been omitted. The color is crude, while the soft black and white is harmonious and pleasing. The drawing of the little Indian girl holding the lamb has the appeal of a living child and the background is both convincing and beautiful.

MAPLE SUGAR FOR WINDY FOOT. By Frances Frost. Illustrated by Lee Townsend. New York: Whittlesey House. 184 pp. $2.

This is the third story about Toby Clark and his pony, Windy Foot, and in some ways it is the best of all. It is the month of March on the Clark farm in New England—time for the "sugaring off." Every detail of the tapping of the trees, the gathering of the sap, boiling it down to rich golden maple syrup and then to little cakes of maple sugar is told as the Clark family and Cliff, the hired man, work on the snow-covered hills around the farm. Windy Foot works, too, and Cliff lightens it all with his dry, independent Yankee humor and philosophy. The atmosphere of this mouth-watering maple-sugar scene changes as a flood comes and covers the valley with water that almost destroys the farm and sweeps away many of the animals. Cliff and Betsy's pet calf, Kris, are swept away, too, but they turn up safely when the flood waters go down. Toby proves that he can take responsibility and danger as well as any man, and the Clarks turn to reconstruction, sure that the farm can be brought back to order and prosperity if they all work together. There are a happy, healthy spirit to this story and a number of beautifully worded descriptions of the New England scene.

THE WONDERFUL BAKER. By Mabel Leigh Hunt. Illustrated by Grace Paull. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 48 pp. $1.50.

THIS is the story of Poppa Winklepeck, the fat and jolly baker who had a fat and jolly wife and four fat and jolly children. However, Elfrieda, the oldest child, reached an age when she hated to be ridiculed because she was fat. No longer would she eat Poppa Winklepeck's heavenly cakes and pies and crusty bread. Instead she nibbled carrots and toyed with spinach. Through her influence the other members of the family lost their fatness and their jollity. They grew thin and indifferent and the famous Winklepeck Bakery became a sad and depressing place. Then the citizens of the village of Gem rebelled. Poppa Winklepeck, Mama Winklepeck, and the three little Winklepecks began again to eat the delectable pies and cakes and bread that Poppa made, the citizens of Gem again crowded into the famous bakery. But Elfrieda re-



—From "Who Dreams of Cheese?"

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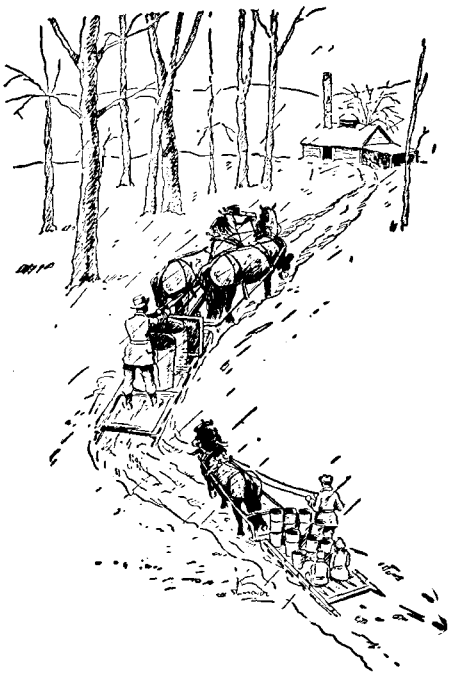
mained thin and very, very pretty. She still nibbled carrots and toyed with spinach, although she was occasionally seen to eat a cream bun or a piece of frosted cake.

This is an amusing story with delightful drawings of the Winklepeck family by Grace Paull. The boys and girls who read it will long for the good things that came out of Poppa Winklepeck's bakery shop.

DEBBIE OF THE GREEN GATE. By Helen F. Daringer. Illustrated by Edward Godwin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 232 *pp.* $2.50.

THE Green Gate is in the old Dutch city of Leyden, and Debbie Endicott is the younger sister of Pilgrim Kate, whose story Miss Daringer told last spring. Kate is married now and lives with her young husband in England, waiting until their affairs can be settled before they go to the New World. Debbie and her father are living in a little house on Clock Lane near the old church of St. Peter's with the group of English pilgrims, who as this story ends sail on the *Speedwell* to join the *Mayflower* on the Atlantic Ocean. Kate's problem was in forsaking the old tradition and the old faith to stand with the other pilgrims for freedom of thought and worship. Debbie's was her reluctance to leave the lovely old Dutch city, where she and her father had lived for eleven years, to face the danger and hardships of pioneer life in a strange land.

In her struggle Debbie emerges as a strong, humorous, peculiarly lovable character. She is an "outgoing" girl with a natural love of people—high and low, rich and poor. Into the group that surrounds her, including Meg and her husband, William Bradford, and William Brewster, Miss Daringer brings a family of aristocratic Spanish Jews who, too, have found freedom in Leyden. Old Madame Forteza and young Raquel, living in what to Debbie seems great splendor in their great house on Niewwe Street, add color and drama to the simple, austere life of the pilgrims. Then, too, there is young Anthony Thorn, an English student, and Nicholas Humphreys, who had made his decision to go with the others to America. Debbie knew that her father wanted to go, and she knew that her place was with him. It was old Madame Forteza who gave her the wisdom that she needed to make her choice. The scene when the two of them—the experienced old aristocrat and the honest, puzzled girl—talk it over is curiously moving. In the end Debbie sails in the *Speedwell*, standing beside her father: "A fair wind had sprung up from the east, blowing



—From "Maple Sugar for Windy Foot."

westward . . . Debbie was outward bound. Hers was the far horizon."

Delicate drawings of Leyden and its surroundings illustrate this fine story.

SHIPS THAT MADE HISTORY. By Helen Mitchell and W. N. Wilson. New York: Whittlesey House. 96 *pp.* $2.50.

It has been a long time since we have had a book for boys and girls about the ships that helped to make America a nation. This one begins with Columbus and goes on through the landing of the English in Virginia, the Dutch in New York, and the Pilgrims in New England, through the War of 1812 and the Civil War. Then it goes on into the two world wars, ending with a description of the Japanese surrender on the *Missouri* and the famous LST landing ships. The text is short and crisp. It does not attempt to tell much more than the bare outline of the story. The drawings are vigorous, attractive, and convincing in background. This is history in a form that will, almost certainly, appeal to boys and girls of varying ages.

IN WOODS AND FIELDS. Written and illustrated by Margaret Waring Buck. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 96 *pp. Cloth* $3. *Paper* $1.75.

This is an unusually attractive and informing guide to the common birds, insects, and flowers of North America. It is arranged under the four seasons. The drawings, combining the birds and flowers that one would see in the particular season of the year, are decorative and very well designed. They show, too, the details that identify each bird and insect and each flower. In the back are several pages of small, detailed drawings. It is well indexed and, in the paper-cover edition, would be an ideal book to take with one into the woods and fields. Teachers and the Boy and Girl Scouts should find it an invaluable guide.

THE MUDHEN AND THE WALRUS. By Merritt Parmelee Allen. Decorations by Stephen J. Voorhies. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 216 *pp.* $2.50.

The Mudhen, as everyone who has read the first book knows, is a schoolboy with a lively mind and a highly developed sense of humor. *The Walrus* is the name of a school magazine that the Mudhen helps to launch and develop to solve the problems of his friend Frog. There is a chuckle on every page of this record of a year or so in the life of the two boys and their friends and masters. One of the funniest incidents is the account of the race between the Mudhen, driving Horace, a temperamental mule, and Cheese Eastman, driving Percy, his equally temperamental mule brother. When Frog's problems become really serious the boys drop their fun and get to work. The story of how they made money enough to insure that Frog would keep on in the school is the best part of a very good tale. Girls will like it just as much as their brothers.

INDIGO HILL. By Eleanor Frances Lattimore. New York: William Morrow & Co. 128 *pp.* $2.

Aunt Tobey lived on Indigo Hill in South Carolina. Lydia and her two younger brothers, Thomas and Roman, lived with her because their father and mother worked in Charleston and wanted the children to live in the country. Aunt Tobey had a mule and Albertine's mother, who lived next door, had a goat. Lydia had quite a time settling the troubles caused by these two animals. Willy, Aunt Tobey's son, bought an old automobile and spent his free time fixing it up so that he could impress pretty Geneva, who worked in Charleston, too, but spent her holidays at Albertine's house. When the cotton crop was sold, Willy bought four new tires and painted the car. Lydia thought that it looked as good as new. It was after the fish fry that Willy and Geneva were married and Lydia and Albertine were bridesmaids, one dressed in pink and one in blue. There are humor and friendliness in this story of the Negro children on Indigo Hill.

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the Phoenix Nest

EPITAPH FOR LOVE

Res plena timoris amor.—Ovid.

LOVE is a timid anxious thing
That does not say itself with ease,
Belatedly remembering
Its rituals were these:
The body's goodness, bone-and-breech;
Absurdity, so sweet to share;
And, third of all, to learn or teach,
The plain prosaics of despair.

Love is embarrassed to have known
So much that never can be said,
Aware how helpless and alone
The flesh is when we're dead:
Then godlike in our coarse abode
Resents to let the mercy go—
Who else, in comic mortal mode
Will cherish earth and bless it so?

Love—and how many shades of it,
More than the elder statesmen guess—
Has many curious kinds of wit,
Says No as well as Yes.
The show ends? As the curtains close
Be this Love's epitaph and heart:—
I gave no countenance to those
Who plan to tear the world apart.

—Dove Dulcet.

* * *

LEOPOLD'S IRISH ROSE

(Or, That Day in Dublin)

The other night, hypnotized by the large print in the *Sunday Times* theatre section, I dozed off into a nightmare, the nub of which was the purchase of "Ulysses" by a film producer. I found myself a paralyzed onlooker at a "promotion" conference among three admen (named Manny, Moe, and Jack). The dialogue, as best I can recall it, follows:

Manny: This "Ulysses." . . . what's the story line, Moe? Give us the drift of the plot.

Moe: Well, it's pretty deep stuff, boys, but I'll try to give you a fast run-down. Mainly it's about this guy Bloom and his wife, Molly. They live in Dublin, Ireland, and Bloom is afraid that Molly is leaving him. So he worries about it and—

Manny: Waidaminnit waidaminnit. What about this Greek Ulysses you told me about?

Moe: That's only the original title . . . it's a symbol, like the eagle stands for the U. S., the lion for Metro and cetera. There's a big Ulysses underwater dream sequence in the last reel, though.

Manny: Continue.

Moe: Well, this Bloom keeps moping around Dublin à la "Lost Weekend." He knows his wife has a crush on a guy called Boylan, and it throws him.

He's in the ad game himself, so—

Jack: Hold it! Hold it! I gotta title! Wadda you think of this: "That Bloom Woman"!

Manny and Moe: Terrific!

Jack: And I gotta slogan that'll beat their brains out: "Whatever Irish women have, Mrs. Bloom has more of it!"

Manny and Moe: Wow!

Jack (winded): Go on, Moe.

Moe: Well, Bloom spends the day capering in the local ginmills. Molly's infidelity has made him look for understanding elsewhere. So he begins to play penpal with somebody's secretary. This is pretty racy stuff, by the way. It was banned in the States for years. Anyhow . . .

Manny: Holdit! (*Scribbling furiously on a memo pad*) I got some copy. Lissen (*reads*): "Banned for years! Now it can be told! Classic Productions at last brings to the screen James Joyce's Immortal Epic of Devotion and Heartbreak in the Emerald Isle, 'That Bloom Woman.' Filmed on location in Joyce's beloved Dublin, Classic brings you all the charming quaintness of the Old Sod, and all the fire and passion of an Irish colleen in love with a man she can never have."

Moe: Terrific! Merely terrific, Manny! Well, there isn't much more to the story. Molly remembers the old days, how she and Leo thought they would find happiness; she remembers the thrill of the proposal and of their first days together, and . . .

Manny: Enough! We got the rest of the ad! Here (*reads from his notes*): "There have been three great epics of Ireland: 'Peg O' My Heart,' 'Abie's Irish Rose,' and now 'That Bloom Woman' . . . mixing the gift for song, laughter, and blarney of the sons of Erin with the passion, heartbreak, and ecstasy of a great love of all time."

Moe: Great! Great! I guess that's about all of the story you need. There's a kid, Stephen Dedalus, who has a character part. He's wandering around town on his own, and Bloom takes him home. Then, of course, there's the music, and a brawl or two. . . .

Jack: Got it! This ties the whole thing up: "SEE Molly Bloom, the modern Helen of Troy, and the fight in the barroom for her honor! And thrill to the prayer and piety, which finally brings peace to Molly's tempestuous life! You'll laugh at the antics of little Stevie Dedalus. . . . You'll hum the hit tunes 'Alone with Me.' 'Life on the Liffey with Molly Is Spiffy,' 'In My Unconscious with You,' and five others . . . See it Today!"

Manny: I think we've got it now, fellas.

Moe: That hits me where I live! There are a few more points in the story you might bring in if you have a chance. Like, for example, there's some psychology in the original story and . . .

Manny: That psychology angle's overworked. Too many B psychology pix. I think we got a sure-fire promotion angle right here. (*Looks at his watch.*) Cripes, we only got ten minutes to dream up a new title and some copy on that "Tom Jones" property. Give us the gist, Moe.

Moe: Well, there's this guy Tom Jones . . .

—Martin Levin.

* * *

—William Rose Benét.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

AUTHORS: 1. Tomlinson. 2. Swift. 3. Churchill. 4. Dickens. 5. Hughes. 6. Ferber. 7. Cooper. 8. Marryat. 9. London. 10. O'Neill. 11. Tennyson. 12. Stevenson. 13. Gilbert. 14. Loti. 15. Masefield. 16. Conrad. 17. Melville. 18. Dumas. 19. Dana. 20. Hay. 21. Heggen. 22. Kingsley. 23. McFee. 24. Smollett. 25. Kipling.

TITLES: 1. "Gallions Reach." 2. "Gulliver's Travels." 3. "Richard Carvell." 4. "Dombey and Son." 5. "Innocent Voyage." 6. "Show Boat." 7. "The Red Rover." 8. "The Phantom Ship." 9. "Sea Wolf." 10. "Long Voyage Home." 11. "Enoch Arden." 12. "Treasure Island." 13. "Bab Ballads." 14. "An Iceland Fisherman." 15. "Sard Harker." 16. "Lord Jim." 17. "Moby Dick." 18. "Count of Monte Cristo." 19. "Two Years Before the Mast." 20. "Jim Bludso." 21. "Mr. Roberts." 22. "Westward Ho!" 23. "Command." 24. "Roderick Random." 25. "Captains Courageous."

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 833

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

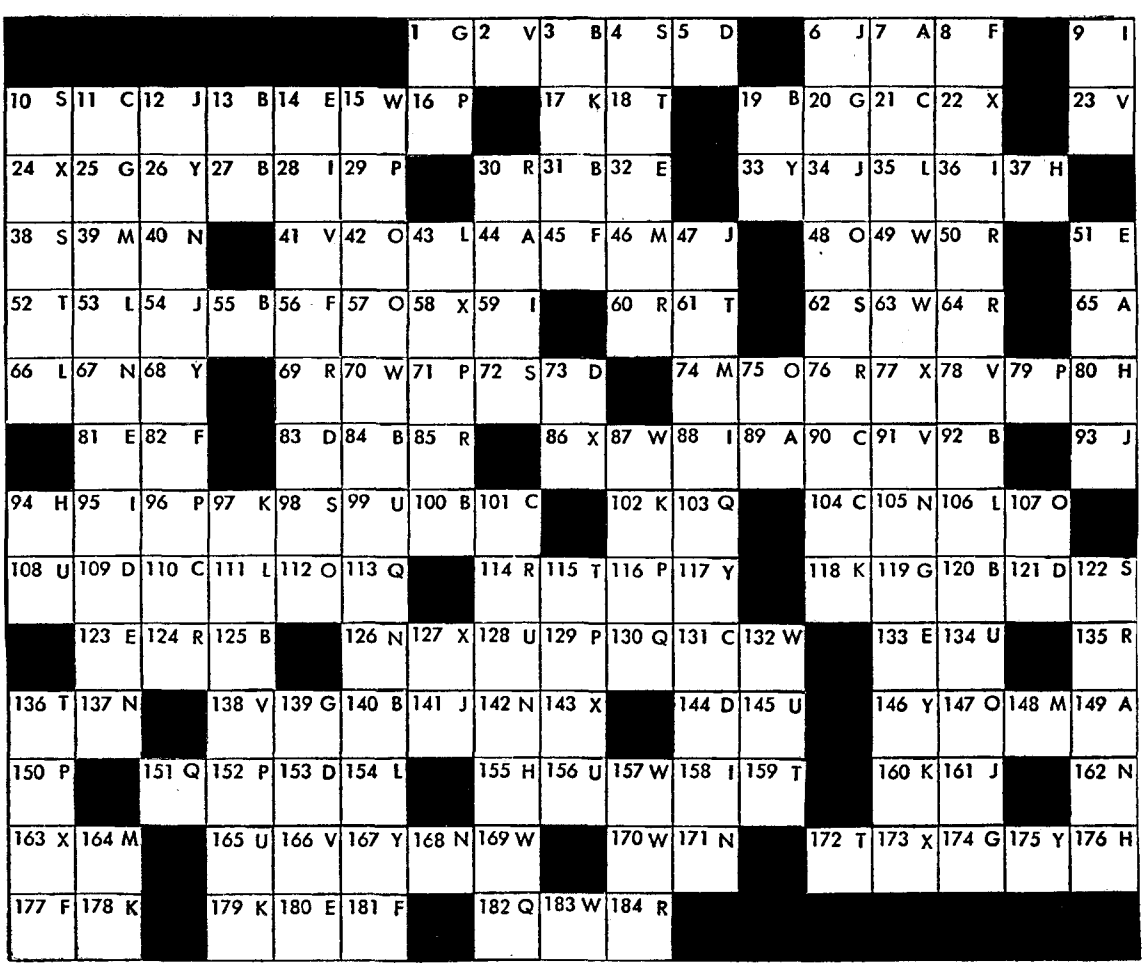
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. American woman abolitionist and author (1802-80).	149 7 44 65 89
B. Character in opera in Word O below.	55 31 13 92 27 120 3 84 125 19 140 100
C. A person indiscriminately (possessive case).	110 131 104 90 21 11 101
D. German printer and type-cutter, originated the decorated title page (1442?-1528).	5 153 109 121 144 73 83
E. Italian-born American opera composer (1911-).	51 32 180 133 123 81 14
F. Afferent (said of nerves).	8 45 82 181 56 177
G. Group of hills in Rockland Co., N. Y., inhabited by a hybrid group of whites, Negroes, Indians.	25 20 174 1 139 119
H. Dresses with great care (with "up; U. S. slang).	80 176 94 155 37
I. Censures; tackles.	95 36 28 88 9 158 59
J. Browning's name for Regensburg, Bavaria (poem about the French taking a camp in 1809).	141 12 6 54 47 93 34 16
K. Red ocher, a favorite native pigment (New Zealand-Maori).	178 102 97 17 118 179 160
L. Rags.	154 66 111 43 35 106 53

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Early in the day, season, etc. (poetic).	74 148 46 39 164
N. Fossorial; burrowing (zool.).	137 171 126 105 168 142 40 67 162
O. Opera by Richard Strauss, 1909.	75 147 112 107 48 42 57
P. American pianist, composer, conductor (1876-1939; N. Y. Philharmonic, etc., esp. children's concerts, etc.).	29 96 152 150 116 129 71 79 16
Q. Petty quarrels.	151 130 182 103 113
R. African insectivorous mammals (*Potamogale velox*; 2 wds.).	60 30 135 50 64 76 124 184 85 114 69
S. Dutch poet (1780-1856; national anthem, "Wien Neerlands Bloed").	38 62 10 72 4 98 122
T. Petulant.	172 52 18 61 115 159 136
U. Sheds; disseminates.	128 145 134 156 108 99 165
V. To remove by the forceful sweep of water (2 wds.).	91 41 138 166 78 23 2
W. Unpolished (3 wds.).	183 15 70 87 169 157 170 63 132 49
X. Newly ordained priests (R.C. Ch.).	58 173 24 77 163 22 143 127 86
Y. Marked with small spots, esp. with gray.	117 167 146 33 175 26 68

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED the day you were born? Colorful 8x10 scroll featuring significant events, popular songs, best sellers . . . dozens of fascinating facts about any birthday since 1865. Only $2. Name inscribed. Five-day service, makes unique gift! BIRTHDATE RESEARCH, Box 249-C, Wall St. Sta., NYC.

PERSONALS

WORLD CITIZENS: Ignorance breeds contempt, breeds wars. Our youth must understand world neighbors! Mature woman, rich background in travel, social sciences, education, psychology, desires change to more progressive college or adult education. Informal, but thorough and positive approach. Box 669-B.

STONEGROUND, whole-grain, old-style corn meal, rye, wheat, buckwheat flour, $1.10, 5 pounds, postpaid 3rd zone. (sifted 5¢ extra) OGDEN'S GRIST MILL, R.F.D. 1, Windsor, Vt.

DELIGHTFUL COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY apartment—available summer rental. Hume, 464 Riverside Drive, NYC.

FOR RENT: Quiet garden apartment, 2 bedrooms, midtown. June 1 to Oct. 1. $125. Box 672-B.

DIETITIAN invites 2 adults. Gracious home. Wonderful climate. Good food. 1764 E. Copper, Tucson, Ariz.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, college graduate, interested art, sports, writing, would like to correspond intelligent, cultured woman. Box 688-B.

HAVE YOU BEEN HAUNTED by an unfindable book? Let us be your book sleuths. Out-of-print books and magazines supplied, all subjects, all languages. Box 141-D.

YALE PROFESSOR desires to rent 3 or 4 bedroom house, New Haven or vicinity, Aug. 1. Box 691-B.

BOOK-LOVING LADY, mature viewpoint, interests, gastronomy, culture of other lands, invites correspondence with traveled gentleman. Box 692-B.

SOMEWHAT QUIET, cultured, middle-aged lady, interested living fully, invites correspondence middle-aged gentleman of integrity, accomplishment. Box 693-B.

YOUNG MAN desires position as companion, traveling preferred. Box 694-B.

YOUNG MAN with progressive—conservative slant, seeks correspondence with like-minded young miss. Box 695-B.

IS THERE AN INTERESTING summer job, NYC, preferably writing and/or theatre, for college girl with editorial, publicity, radio experience? Other interests: photography, international affairs. Box 674-B.

CULTURED LADY, friendly, versatile, sincere, cordially wishes correspondence from discriminating, mature gentleman. Box 676-B.

SPORTS WRITERS: 365 dated boxing events, $1. Al Nelson, 2418 East 6 St., Superior, Wis.

MINISTER writing 8th book, desires to rent quiet home with modern conveniences in cool lake or mountain location for himself and wife for Aug. and Sept. 227 Chancery Rd., Baltimore 18, Md.

YOUNG FRENCH WOMAN, doctor, loving outdoors, music, home-life, wants correspondents same education, reasonably mature, serious, genial, capable, uncomplicated. Full personal details absolutely required. Box 679-B.

BOOKSTORE WANTED: any location. State price first letter. Box 680-B.

MATURE AMERICAN returning to United States after years abroad, seeks to cushion shock of re-exposure to American mores by correspondence with woman having bent for music, art, literature. Box 52-K.

WHY NOT DONATE a set of books or a collection to your local library or Alma Mater as a cultural gift or memorial, deductible from your income tax. Send for details. Box 160-D.

LOOKING FOR MY OPPORTUNITY! College graduate, June, female, speaks Spanish, German, lived Europe, Mexico; types, car, sports. Box 681-B.

MATURE WOMAN, free to travel to Europe, speaks Italian. Box 685-B.

CAMP DIRECTOR, university instructor, medic, will direct private family groups of boys at private lodge. All phases of camping, tutoring, reading. Only highest references. Box 686-B.

YALE COLLEGE SOPHOMORE will work anywhere this summer. Box 687-B.

PERSONALS

RE-LIVE THE CIVIL WAR in panoramic pages of Brady-Miller's "Photographic History of Civil War," 10 huge volumes of actual photographs, text, $59.75. Box 161-D.

YOUNG WOMAN, college student with knowledge of copywriting or journalism, to work part-time writing letters in longhand. Salary to start, 75¢ an hour. Box 699-B.

LADY, both youthful and mature, with professional, home, and cultural interests, invites correspondence. Box 700-B.

ATTRACTIVE, traveled, educated young couple, speak several languages; husband American, wife French, seek interesting work in Europe. Write: Peter Greer, Sedona, Ariz.

MATURE LADY, intelligent, charming, cultured, wide interests, wants correspondence in English, French, or German with refined, intellectual gentleman. Box 701-B.

CHARMING, MATURE LADY, refined, versatile, vivacious, invites correspondence with cultured, serious mature gentleman. Box 702-B.

HONEST, appreciative woman invites correspondence from interesting man. Box 704-B.

YOUNG MAN, interested books, sports, desires correspondence sympathetic, intelligent female. Box 705-B.

SECRETARY, social worker, experienced both fields, seeks diversified job, 5 mornings, or several days weekly. NYC, TRafalgar 3-5118.

SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR NEEDS PLOTS: Will buy acceptable plots, cash or percentage. R. E. Berch, 500 Walker Bldg., Washington, D.C.

INTELLIGENT, young man, in mental doldums, invites witty, gay correspondence. Interested in painting, travel, theatre and the dance. Box 708-B.

7 SUMMER RENTALS Kennebunkport-York areas. $1,000-2,500 season. Caroline Wallace, Kennebunk, Me.

YOUNG WOMAN, college graduate, publishing field, interested literature, politics, sociology, social welfare, will correspond with similarly minded. Box 710-B.

2 COLLEGE MEN desire small, inexpensive apartment in city during summer. Box 711-B.

UNDISCOVERED ARTIST would love writing to artless, impulsive young lady. Box 712-B.

GENTLEMAN IDEALIST seeks stimulating correspondence young lady irradiant. Box 713-B.

FOR RENT: Entire summer, Pennsylvania Dutch farm, house, garage, stream, acreage. Near Allentown. Box 716-B.

FILMS

FILM PROGRAMS PUZZLING? Complete index of 16mm film reviews and feature articles which have appeared in S. R. L's "Ideas on Films" and "Film Forum" now available. Send 10¢ in stamps to cover handling and postage to Film Department, S. R. L., 25 West 45 Street, NYC 19.

VACATIONS

BERKSHIRES, cuisine francaise, un poeme, delightful, continental atmosphere, skiing nearby. SUNINSIDE, Monterey, Mass.

COMPLETELY FURNISHED summer homes, seasonal only. Brochure. Cliffwood Colony, Ligonier, Pa.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

UNWIND in the COUNTRY. Comfort, rest, recreation at SUDBURY INN, Sudbury, Vt.

BERMUDA: For rent: well furnished cottages on waterfront near Hamilton. Box 203 Hamilton, Bermuda.

MAINE. For rent in August, on Frenchman's Bay, quiet summer cottage, $300. 4 bedrooms. References required. Box 689-B.

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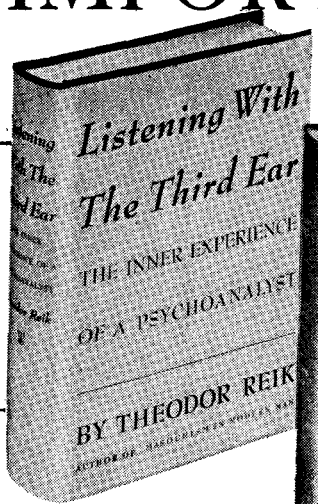

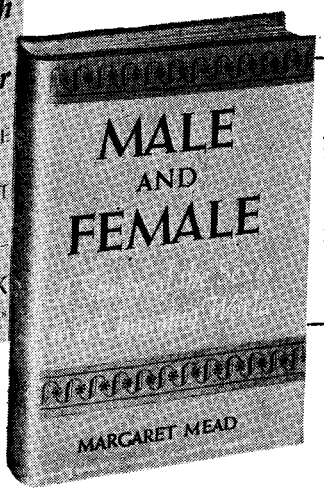

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